ST. CHARLES SEMINARY LIBRARY
NOV 28 1964
CARTHAGENA STATION, CELINA, OHIO

THE
Commonweal

CHRISTMAS BOOK ISSUE

Evelyn Waugh

ALAN PRYCE-JONES

The Other Lawrence

MARTIN GREEN

Poet of the Particular

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN

J. F. Powers *Frank Getlein* *Nat Hentoff*

Kenneth L. Woodward *Charles E. Curran*

John T. Elson *Paul Horgan* *Thomas Merton*

VOLUME LXXXI, NO. 11 DECEMBER 4, 1964 TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Save on Christmas Gifts

3 Subscriptions for $21

A three-dollar saving over regular subscription rates—less than fifteen cents a week.

2 Subscriptions for $14.50

A ten-percent saving over regular rates.

Give The Commonweal for Christmas.

First subscription, $8; each additional, $6.50

(Add $2 per year for postage outside U.S. and Canada)

THE COMMONWEAL
232 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
Please send The Commonweal for one year to:

Name .....
Address .....
City, State, Zip Code .....
Send gift card to me ☐ for me ☐ Renewal ☐

Name .....
Address .....
City, State, Zip Code .....
Send gift card to me ☐ for me ☐ Renewal ☐

Name .....
Address .....
City, State, Zip Code .....
Send gift card to me ☐ for me ☐ Renewal ☐

My Name .....
Address .....
City, State, Zip Code .....
$.....enclosed ☐ Bill me later

12/4/64

THIS WEEK

EDITORIALS, NEWS AND VIEWS

339 End of Session Three
340 Southern Progress
340 U.N. Collision
341 J. Edgar Hoover
342 Expanding Opportunities

ARTICLES, FEATURES

343 Evelyn Waugh
by Alan Pryce-Jones
346 The Other Lawrence
by Martin Green
349 Poet of the Particular
by Josephine Jacobsen

VERSE

345 Poem
by George Loehr
348 Sarah
by Nancy Price

DEPARTMENTS

352 Correspondence
354 The Stage
by Wilfrid Sheed
355 The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung
357 Critics' Choices for Christmas
360 Reviews

THE COMMONWEAL
232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

EDWARD S. SKILLIN, *Editor*
JAMES O'GARA, *Managing Editor*
DANIEL CALLAHAN, *Associate Editor*
JOHN LEO, *Associate Editor*
PETER STEINFELS, *Editorial Assistant*

PHILIP T. HARTUNG, *Movie Critic*
WILFRID SHEED, *Drama Critic*
JOHN FANDEL, *Poetry*
ROBERT BARRAT, *Paris*
GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN, *Rome*
J. M. CAMERON, *Great Britain*
JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager*

Second-class postage paid in Norwalk, Conn. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and from mid-July to mid-September, at 116 Main St., Norwalk, Conn., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. MUrray Hill 3-2042.

Copyright © 1964 The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.

U.S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 25¢.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

End of Session Three

ARBITRARILY put, there are two ways of judging the fruits of a council. One way is to ignore the concrete results—the decrees, the constitutions, the declarations—and to inquire only into the spirit animating the council. Here one might ask whether, because of the work of the Fathers, the life of the Church has been quickened, the people animated, the mind stimulated. Another way, however, is to inquire into the details of the conciliar legislation, concerning oneself with the theological niceties of the legislative language, weighing the possible impact of words and phrases on later generations, speculating on the uses and misuses to which the results may be put by the Church.

Until the end of the third session of Vatican II, the former mode of judgment seemed the most pertinent. For the most momentous fact of those two sessions was that they were held at all, and that, miracle of miracles, they revealed a Church intent on renewing itself. Had the Council done nothing whatever, it might still have set into motion an unparalleled era of Catholic self-examination. The fact, too, that the first two sessions produced only one significant document, the constitution on the liturgy, made a broader appraisal seem more appropriate.

With the end of the third session, however, it is now possible to begin weighing the detailed work of the Fathers. The experience of one year with the liturgical constitution shows the enormous importance of these details. That constitution was justly hailed at the time of its promulgation as a major advance, a triumph for the liturgical movement, and a victory for the progressive majority. What could not then be guessed, however, was the extent to which the Fathers, once home, would throw themselves enthusiastically behind its provisions. Well, for the most part they have, and the result, especially in liturgical desert areas, is both a revelation and a revolution. Most significantly, the response to the constitution shows that the work of the Fathers can have immediate practical consequences.

Just how much details count can be seen in the work of the third session. The most important achievement is undoubtedly the Constitution *De Ecclesia.* As a broad statement it is magnificent, framed in a language remarkably clear for such documents, and presenting a vision of the Church breathtaking in its beauty. Whether the subject be the mystery of the Church, the role of the laity or the place of Mary in the divine economy, the constitution reflects the richest, most generally advanced Catholic thought. Yet—and how details matter—the promulgation of that Constitution was accompanied by a speech of Pope Paul in which he undercut some of its strongest points. In particular, he seemed totally to set aside the principle of collegiality voted upon by the Fathers by unilaterally proclaiming Mary as mother of the Church, by making nineteen suggestions for textual changes in the decree on ecumenism, and by failing to support that large group of bishops who petitioned him to allow a vote on the proposed document on religious liberty. In each of these instances, he could well have responded to the majority of the Fathers, thus giving an immediate indication of the seriousness with which he took *De Ecclesia.*

TO BE SURE, the Pope did say in his closing speech that he would, in the future, be "even more disposed than we are now to convoke and to consult at determined times some of your [the bishops] number, venerable brothers . . ." But given a perfect chance to do so he did not. What does this mean? It may mean that the Pope wanted dramatically to show that *De Ecclesia* had not in the least changed the scope and independence of his authority. Or it may mean that he succumbed to pressure. Who knows? At any rate, it clearly means that the way a decree is read and implemented counts for much.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another detail worth noting is the Pope's reference in his speech to "the nature, at once monarchical and hierarchical, of the Church." This is surely a traditional enough way of speaking of the Church, but is it a way compatible with *De Ecclesia's* emphasis on the uniquely communal nature of the Church, of the Church as a people sharing a basic Christian equality? In this respect, the word "hierarchical" poses few problems; clearly there are those empowered to rule in the Church and given special graces to perform their magisterial duty. But the word "monarchical," drawn from political systems now all but dead in the modern world, seems singularly misleading. Only Christ is the Lord, only He is King. To imply that the Pope can be likened to a king is to evoke an image of absolutism which should have no place in a Church marked by total submission to Christ.

That much said, however, the third session must be counted as a major milestone. The decree on ecumenism should firmly establish Christian dialogue on the most authoritative footing. The overwhelmingly favorable vote on the proposed declaration exonerating the Jews should place the Church in the best possible position to weed out whatever lingering traces of anti-Semitism may remain in its life. The thrust of the Council has been a source of joy. By and large, the details of its work have measured up to the spirit of renewal.

Southern Progress

ONE SOUND method of achieving civil and human rights where they have been outrageously violated is demonstrated by McComb, Mississippi. The local *Enterprise-Journal* began things by a series of editorials calling for an end to racial violence and equal treatment for all under the law. A score of the community's white professional, business and religious leaders then drew up and issued a statement signed by six hundred citizens. The next day local restaurants, stores, motels and a theater were peacefully desegregated, as twenty Negroes led by Charles Evers, brother of Medgar Evers, entered these local establishments.

One key point in the McComb statement centered on local police, calling for "only lawful arrests," and demanding that no member of an organization federally designated as "subversive" (such as the Klan), or with obligations "in conflict with his oath of office," be permitted to serve as a public official. Its importance is underlined in an editorial in the Laurel, Miss., *Leader-Call* urging all the state's municipalities to follow Jackson and Meridian in requiring city employees to sign an oath that they are not members of subversive organizations.

Hard as it often is to come by, there are no better means of achieving observance of the law and full civil equality in the deep South than the initiative and leadership of public-spirited local citizens. The new McComb pattern could serve as a model for many other communities.

Extension of the franchise is of comparable importance. Enforcement of the national Civil Rights Act in regard to voting is a prerequisite, and the effects are clearly discernible. In Arkansas, Florida, Tennessee, and Virginia, which otherwise would have gone for Goldwater, the Negro vote surpassed the Democratic plurality, reflecting the three-fifths rise in Negro registration in eleven Southern states the past two years. This change alone has curbed candidates' racial demagoguery. It also means that American Negroes are coming to develop the political strength needed for securing their basic rights.

U.N. Collision

THE United States and Russia are on collision course in the U.N. Article 19 of the U.N. Charter declares that any nation not paying its share of the organization's expenses for more than two years "shall have no vote in the General Assembly." The Soviet Union and six fellow members of its bloc are in that situation. They have refused to pay their assessments for the U.N.'s 1956 Middle East peacekeeping force and the 1960 force sent to the Congo, both of which, Moscow maintains, were unlawful, the former because it was initiated by the General Assembly rather than the Security Council, the latter because it did the dirty work of "the colonialist powers." The United States insists that Article 19 be enforced which, one way or another, means putting the question to a vote. No compromise is in sight.

The point at issue is not money. Nothing would be easier to settle than a question of dollars and rubles. Nor can the Soviet concern for the "unlawfulness" of the two peacekeeping forces be taken seriously. True, the Middle East force was initiated by the General Assembly—but only after the Soviet Union, among others, had voted to transfer the issue there from a deadlocked Security Council. Likewise the Soviet Union continually approved resolutions establishing the Congo force and then granting Secretary General Hammarskjold wide powers in its use. Only when it became apparent that the Congo operation aimed at establishing a stable Congolese state and not only at evicting the Belgians did Moscow get cold feet.

Behind the present impasse at the U.N. is neither

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

money nor legal details but policy: the Soviet policy, exemplified by its unsuccessful "troika" proposal three years ago, of preventing the U.N. from developing into an effective, independent peacekeeping agency. Moscow now insists that all funds for peacekeeping operations be voted by the Security Council; and since authorizations of funds tend to be for short periods only, Soviet interests would hang like a Damocles sword over any U.N. peacekeeping mission. Even a mission the Soviets had originally approved could be cut off the moment it ceased to serve their purposes.

In standing firm on this issue, the United States is serving the U.N.'s best interests. The U.S. is asking merely that great powers not have any special privilege of unilaterally amending the U.N. Charter at will. It is asking the small nations of the world to defend what is essentially their own interest. For despite the fears of these small nations, there is little chance the U.S.S.R. will walk out of the U.N. The enforcement of Article 19 affects only Moscow's vote in the General Assembly, not its right to speak there nor its seat and voting privileges in the Security Council. The Russians learned thoroughly the hazards of boycotting at the time of Korea.

Perhaps the United States can help avoid a head-on confrontation by proposing some (badly needed) improvement over the present methods of financing U.N. operations. But such a proposal should not change the heart of the U.S.'s contention: that the U.N.'s gradual evolution into an effective action organization should not be halted by any extension of veto powers to the pursestrings of peacekeeping missions.

J. Edgar Hoover

THE IRONY is that only in J. Edgar Hoover's sorriest moment have we learned how catholic his tastes really are. It had not been widely suspected before that his scorn extended to the far-right establishment—Birchers, Klansmen and home-grown Nazis—or to the "red-necked sheriffs" of Mississippi. These views do not fit the prevailing Hoover image, any more than his recent endorsement of the war on poverty, or his decision to send flowers to the hospital bed of Walter Jenkins—a compassionate act that cost him heavily with the hard-nosed right.

We have less enthusiasm for the bulk of Mr. Hoover's recent interview: the shocking attack on Martin Luther King and the dismissal of half the Supreme Court. Nor are we tempted to give him very high marks for accuracy—a great many people *do* dare to walk in New York's Central Park during the daytime, perhaps because it is about as dangerous during daylight hours as the White House lawn.

But to tot up the merits and demerits of Mr. Hoover's multiple attack is to miss the point. The point is that Mr. Hoover is a cop, and cops have no business pronouncing on public affairs. We do not require his guidance in evaluating Nobel Prize winners, Supreme Court justices, or even red-necked sheriffs. Any pertinent information on the subjects can be handed up through channels, and acted upon or ignored as the President sees fit. It is not for Mr. Hoover or any other policeman to thrust himself into the opinion-making process and to the extent that he does it, he limits his usefulness.

It should be interpolated here that Mr. Hoover has had the burden of having to remain silent under severe criticism, some of it very unfair. Some criticism stems from the ascendancy of the civil libertarians who distrust police authority as a simple reflex (just as Mr. Hoover distrusts civil libertarians, or "bleeding hearts," on the reverse reflex, which is just as simple). But by and large, we suspect that Mr. Hoover has become a controversial figure because he has refused to simply do his job and stay in the background, as a cop should. His homilies on the danger of the civil rights movements, the threat of internal Communism, the alleged hamstringing of the war on smut, and so forth, have necessarily put some of the prestige of the F.B.I. on the line and have raised at least two questions: should the nation allow its top law enforcement agency to serve as a platform for its director's social ideas, and if these, indeed, are Mr. Hoover's social ideas, are we sure that they do not control the supposedly disinterested investigations of an independent agency? More specifically, there would be less concern about the F.B.I.'s sluggishness in civil rights matters, if its director had not raised the question himself in speeches criticizing various civil rights activities. Negro leaders are certainly entitled to inquire whether Mr. Hoover acts on ideas which he does not bother to conceal.

What motivated Mr. Hoover's recent extraordinary interview is not at all clear. In spraying his attacks across the political spectrum at a wide variety of targets, he sounded like a man who feels he has no more to lose. Perhaps Mr. Johnson has decided to name a new director in January and has already told Mr. Hoover. But this does not have the scent of the Johnson style. Why stir up a storm over a national figure, when the pressure to remove Mr. Hoover is so slight? Whatever the reason for the Hoover outburst, it has severely limited and perhaps ended his usefulness as F.B.I. director. The danger of keeping any man, even a great man, in an important national post for forty years has be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come quite clear. So has the danger of allowing him to emerge as an oracle on matters outside his competence.

NEWS & VIEWS

Expanding Opportunities

LONG ON PROMISES: short on results. That is the criticism leveled at any revolution and the Negro's struggle for job advancement proves no exception to the rule. Yet every now and then there is an achievement to sustain hopes. At such times the shouting and general tumult of protest subside into responsible negotiation.

Last month a joint labor-management committee in the New York hotel industry set up a program to expand promotion opportunities for Negroes and Puerto Ricans. The result of a year-long survey into minority group employment and the desire for advancement and training, this anti-discrimination program sets a precedent—though its impact on other parties is questionable—for two reasons. The first is that "concrete steps" are planned to enlist New York's new Council Against Poverty to aid "reading, writing, voice and speech classes for non-English-speaking workers or those whose speech is poor." Similarly, the parties to the agreement state that white collar jobs will now go to minority group workers through a "pool" to be drawn upon for promotion. But the really novel aspect of the contract is an attempt to involve civil rights organizations—the NAACP, CORE, the Urban League, the Puerto Rican Civil Rights Organization—in the process and to authorize them "to meet periodically with the Joint Industry Union Committee to review progress made."

The statistics collected by the union-employer survey are clear. Despite the fact that Negroes constitute 20.7 percent of the work force and Puerto Ricans 18.4 percent, their disproportionate exclusion from jobs which necessitate contact with the public is an all too familiar pattern. Out of 329 cashiers employed, seven are Puerto Rican and only one is a Negro. There are no Negro typists or room clerks. A total of 847 telephone operators yields only 19 Negroes and 2 Puerto Ricans. On the other hand, approximately 60 percent of the maids are Negroes. Both labor and management do not hide their fear that this situation is ripe for civil rights picketing and, perhaps, other economic pressure.

The voluntary policing or "watchdog" functions, if they can be called such, given to the civil rights organizations extend well into the area of seniority procedures and administration of the collective bargaining agreement, the jealously guarded domain of our labor unions. This is why the hotel pact bears watching. For unions, like other people, are not usually given to sacrifice the power that is theirs. The AFL-CIO has taken an excellent stand against job discrimination by *both* unions and employers. But the officials who risk the consequent viciousness of political in-fighting are the local leaders. As the Civil Rights Commission said in 1961, "within the labor movement itself civil rights goals are celebrated at the higher levels, but fundamental internal barriers tend to preserve discrimination at the working man's level." And when Los Angeles Teamsters' Local 595 recently permitted civil rights groups to intervene in arbitration on behalf of minority workers, the union was careful to limit the contract clause to the *hiring* of employees, a domain not normally occupied by the non-craft unions. It is relatively easy to make concessions where one has no prerogative to exercise. That is what makes the New York hotel plan so ambitious.

One cannot however speak without qualification while the plans are still on the drawing board. For one thing, the civil rights groups have no formal role in the processing of grievances nor in the binding procedures of arbitration. Sanctions are still economic. Much will depend on the "qualified person" which the contract calls upon to "supervise the program on a full-time basis."

The impact on other industries is, as I have already noted, questionable. Many unions do not have the large Negro constituency that the Hotel & Motel Trades Council contain: one must remember that the program, while enlightened, is enlightened self-interest. Others are already plagued with the built-in conflicts between skilled and unskilled, older and younger workers, themselves producing irritations, which the race issue can seriously exaggerate, in formulating collective bargaining demands. And some of the big industrial unions have been preaching civil rights for so long that any concession, like the hotel plan, will be—at least in their own eyes—an admission of guilt.

Yet the threat of governmental intervention could, to paraphrase Dr. Johnson, serve well to concentrate the minds of men. Only four months have slipped by since Congress, under the Civil Rights Act, made racial discrimintaion by unions and employers "an unlawful employment practice" and the National Labor Relations Board held that a union violated its "duty of fair representation" to employees by failing to process grievances for racial considerations. It is possible that some will opt for third party supervision as a preferable, though not necessarily exclusive, alternative to potential litigation.

WILLIAM B. GOULD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Childhood, He Emerged with Scourge in Hand

Evelyn Waugh

ALAN PRYCE-JONES

IT IS ONE of the peculiarities of English life that a fixed relationship is immutably set up between young people of very similar age. A little boy at school feels permanently small in relation to a big boy; the big boy feels permanently superior and unnoticing towards his junior. Thirty years later, both of them red in the face and wreathed in cigar smoke at some college reunion, it will be hard for that junior to repress his instinct to jump up when spoken to.

I do not think I am unduly sensitive in this respect. Any sense of deference I may feel towards Sir Alec Douglas-Home is much less because he has been Prime Minister than because in 1922 he was captain of my school house. In the same way, a warm affection for the books of Evelyn Waugh, and a temperate regard for his person, have always been regulated for me by the fact that he belongs to a group which grew up just before I did. He remains for me one of the big boys.

This need not be stressed were it not that Evelyn Waugh himself has so keen, so anxious (it may be) a sense of hierarchy. He must be one of the last instinctive believers in the Renaissance concept of a Great Chain of Being, in which all created things have their appointed place. I remember his saying, many years ago when he turned Catholic, that his reason for doing so was that the Church offered an order which cannot be found outside it. If, in addition, he had any metaphysical bent, he kept it private. What mattered to him was that in a world threatened with disintegration one set of strict and immutable principles stood firm. I do not expect to hear Mr. Waugh's voice intoning with enthusiasm the responses in English.

If he attaches such importance to the theme of order it is perhaps because a sense of discipline sits uneasily on him. Mr. Harold Acton, writing of his Oxford years, calls him "faun-like." Certainly, his early books were the observations of an anarchist who looked with disfavor on the world about him. *Decline and Fall* and *Vile Bodies* do not set one kind of conduct against another; they do not assert any values at all, except those of the Lord of Misrule.

ALAN PRYCE-JONES is a former editor-in-chief of the English *Times Literary Supplement* and presently a Book Critic with the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Those who remember Mr. Waugh in the 1920s see somebody very unlike the portly squire who now carries his name. He was a card, a comic turn, an acid drop, a slightly dangerous friend. His autobiography, *A Little Learning* (Little, Brown, $5) sets out his beginnings, and depicts him as a backbone-of-England child, comfortably but not luxuriously brought up, sent to a good Evangelical school, and properly wasting his time at Oxford.

Was he a placid, happy child? I remember his elder brother, years later, taking me behind the crematorium in Golders Green—a neighborhood more celebrated for funerals than for fashion—and pointing up a garden path with the words, "That is the house where Evelyn spent his formative years." And I recalled that, according to a legend of the day, he used to trudge up the hill daily with his outgoing mail so that it could bear the more distinguished postmark, "Hampstead."

This kind of tale has always been told of him. In the days of his friendship with the Lygon family, whose home and its inhabitants are more or less the originals of Brideshead, friends used to smile that he should frequent the establishment of a tough captain in the West country, so as to cut a better figure in the hunting field. They noted with amusement that he moved among two categories of friends: the very smart, the impeccably Edwardian—remember that in the 1920s King Edward was not so long dead that a heavy whiff of Marlborough House had quite left the air—and the raffish. Not that the smart were not raffish too. But he had an observer's penchant for rogues, for what very old hostesses might still have called the "deleterious."

The watershed in his life came with the dissolution of his first marriage—to a wife inconveniently named, like himself, Evelyn. In a little time an annulment was granted—his admirable biography of Edmund Campion was written at this time—and he married again, into the kind of Catholic family where by now he felt himself at home.

He had been restless, to judge by his books, until then. The Abyssinian War engaged his time as a correspondent. He travelled in remote parts of the world. He wrote two more sardonic novels, *Black Mischief* and *Scoop*. But the day of the faun was over, the day of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the military squire was at hand. He was commissioned into the Royal Marines in 1939, and started acquiring the experiences which led to his military trilogy, which occupied him intermittently for several years.

Since then, he has lived in the country, cultivated a difficult approach, which has not stopped short of deafness (nothing chokes off unwanted talk faster than a stumpy brass ear-trumpet suddenly clapped to the cheek), collected Victorian pictures, and devoted himself to a numerous family and a handful of old friends.

AT LEAST, that is what it looks like. But I suspect that the inner reality is rather different.

Some years ago Nancy Mitford was asked why someone as fundamentally kind as herself wrote with such acerbity. "I have to," she said. "My public expects it." In the same way, the first volume of Mr. Waugh's autobiography is highly suggestive about his true, as distinct from his outward, self. I have not answered my own question, "Was he a happy child?" Yes, on his own showing. But he knew much the same kind of happiness, it seems, that I did: a happiness bound up with home, comfort, intelligent talk, friendly faces about. To be plunged from this into the boarding school life of forty years ago was an ordeal which had to be met from behind defenses quickly built. In *Enemies of Promise,* Mr. Cyril Connolly gives the classic account of the process. The child is sensitive, easily bored by the company of other small boys, perplexed; he takes refuge in living a permanent fiction, becomes the buffoon, the charmer, the bully, according to his special talent. At different times, Evelyn Waugh, more protean than most, has been each of these things. But hidden behind defenses that with time become almost automatic is someone far more interesting, if less secure.

It is noticeable that he is an outstanding friend. No matter what happens to them in later life, his old cronies can count on him. He has always cultivated a formidable manner, but it is a quirk rather than an attitude of mind. Again, old friends have been surprised to be torn away from a bottle of champagne on a wet afternoon and forced into a drenching cross country walk on the pretext that the children might come into the room and madden him with chatter. "It's not safe to go in yet," he would tell his sodden guest an hour later. And yet he is also capable of a close and affectionate contact with those same children—now grown up and founding families of their own one by one—when he is alone with them.

Not enough attention has been paid to his *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* as a psychological document. Now a novel, it began as an attempt to write out of his system a curious set of hallucinations induced by drugs taken, initially, as a sedative. Pinfold, in the novel, is a martyr to accusing voices, to a disintegrating image of himself. Much the same occurred to Mr. Waugh himself, on his return from a long journey in an alarming, and, until properly diagnosed, inexplicable condition. He was recommended to put an account of the matter on paper as a kind of exorcism.

It would be an impertinence to attempt an interpretation of character which nobody outside his immediate circle of family and friends can be in a position to put forward, but it is all the same fascinating to set together Pinfold, in middle age, and the sensitive child of aesthetic tastes sketched in *A Little Learning.* Nearly all the tales told of Mr. Waugh stress his curmudgeonliness, his dislike of the young (and, in general, the old and the middle-aged), his habit of biting the hand that feeds him.

He may show a wanton disregard for ordinary courtesy. I found myself talking to the Newman Society in Oxford a few years back, shortly after he had done the same himself. My host, a very young undergraduate, asked me before dinner if I wanted a drink. He looked extremely relieved when I asked for something both cheap and easy to get, adding that the previous speaker had demanded champagne, fussed about the brand and the year, complained of the bottle temperature, and consumed the whole with a scowl. Again, when his friend Ian Fleming organized a party after the opening of the first James Bond movie, *Dr. No,* Waugh created some commotion by demanding caviar in a separate room and insisting on conducting a party-within-a-party there from which the common herd was firmly excluded.

Such compulsive behavior accords badly with the benign element in his make-up. And that the benign element is there is shown by the indulgence with which those who know him well laugh at such foibles.

Nobody can spend half a lifetime in the commerce of everyday life without being struck by its unfairness. Some people can get away with murder. "How like poor Charles," his friends murmur as the news of some enormity reaches them. Others, without the special quality of charm or flair, make a single false move and pay for it for the rest of their days. Waugh unquestionably has a fund of goodwill at his disposal, due in part to the fact that he can be wonderfully amusing in talk when he pleases; likewise affable; and in part to the fact that in British society a "character" is always at an advantage. People like repeating, or inventing, tales about characters. And already, at sixty, Waugh has joined the ranks of those like Squire Mytton, Squire Osbaldeston, Horace Cole—cards of uncertain temper or sobriety in earlier generations, about whom others delight to gossip.

He also has the advantage of being a writer of exceptional gift. If I had to name the writer of my own time whose prose, as prose, has given me the most pleasure, I should name him. He can be various, furthermore. His earlier novels showed that he can be effortlessly brilliant. Wasting no words, he can shape a para-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

graph like a cut diamond, with the extra advantage that it retains a cutting edge. Again, when he is marshalling facts, as in his biography of Ronald Knox, or his life of Campion, he is always lucid, always light of touch. His travel books evoke, his occasional criticism is apt and pithy. I cannot imagine seeing his name at the foot of a page without wanting to read it.

He has known, what is called "everybody" for forty years. Lord Beaverbrook, Lady Diana Cooper, Mrs. Rosa Lewis the celebrated keeper of the Cavendish Hotel, are only three international figures who have contributed to his fictions. He never, however, does anything so gross as to make a direct portrait. The Sebastian of *Brideshead Revisited* is in part Hugh Lygon, Anthony Blanche is in part a splendid, if often odious, eccentric in real life (now dead) called Brian Howard, Basil Seal is in part Peter Rodd. But only in part.

It is his method to take some element, preferably outrageous, combine it with a fragment of somebody else, and then let his imagination race. There is nothing very original in this: most good novelists take what they need from several originals and combine the pieces into a new amalgam. But so lifelike are Waugh's characters, even when they are seen in a deforming mirror, that it is often asserted that they are taken from life as a whole. Waugh denies this, and I believe him.

We may suppose that his faults and his merits arise only from a complicated set of reactions. When he speaks of his childhood, a charming warmth glows off the page. At the same time, a conventional man of letters, however intelligent and pleasant, cannot have satisfied him as a parent, any more than a successful best-seller satisfied him as an elder brother. He speaks of his father as a natural actor, forever assuming a role and dropping it again. Evelyn Waugh has inherited that gift. It looks as though childhood had disgusted him for ever with the cosy. He found himself an ironist, a tease after the pattern of the high Victorian practical jokers, but with a stiffening of iron in his high spirits. Out of a household in which geniality reigned, he emerged scourge in hand.

If one book had to be chosen from his entire output as a claim to the attention of posterity it would have to be *Put Out More Flags*. At that stage of his career—it was published shortly after Pearl Harbor—the dazzle of his early books was still undimmed, and he was able to add to it a most penetrating view of one level of society in a year of crisis. *Brideshead Revisited* may be more ambitious: it is nearer to a positive statement about society than his other novels, larger in scale, and graver in tone. But *Brideshead* is not entirely satisfactory. It is too much of a convert's novel, steeped in undue reverence for the old Catholic families of England.

After reading it, admirers have accused Waugh of being a snob. His military trilogy reinforced this objection, not least because the central character of Guy Crouchback, at first objectively conceived, little by little turns into a self-portrait, filled with Waugh's personal prejudices. The upper classes, it has been objected, are lovingly painted in; the rest of the community acts like so many Shakespearean clowns.

The same criticism has been levelled at Anthony Powell, an old friend of Waugh's, whose career as a novelist of social manners has lately been drawing level with his own. In either case, it seems superfluous. Waugh's affection for the upper classes is a private form of romanticism, just as Powell's is that of a keen-eyed anatomist.

Having deliberately cut himself off from urban life and adopted a Catholic ethic of old-fashioned ultramontane complexion, the rest follows. It has no doubt given him a good deal of private amusement to be thus categorized: and there is this justification, that the convert to Catholicism who makes his choice from considerations of good sense rather than theology is likely to be drawn towards (in England) the church of Cardinal Manning and not that of Newman. It may be significant that those passages in the life of Monsignor Knox which deal with his Anglican experience are far more vivid and sympathetic than those which recount the last decades of his career.

To sum up, it is likely that Evelyn Waugh will keep a parallel reputation in two fields: as a personality and as a writer. He has been given very little public acclaim. Novelists of far lesser interest acquire honors where he has to make do with a steadily rising reputation as a guardian both of the creative imagination and of the craft of writing. I suspect he prefers it that way.

Poem

The twin-
propped
helicopter drops
leaf-
like
out
of a grey lit
sky
and (circling
wide
to avoid the updrafts)
sets
down
(soft as
a petal)
a
poem.

GEORGE LOEHR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Her, Life Was a Holiday

The Other Lawrence

MARTIN GREEN

THE AMERICAN EDITION of the memoirs and correspondence of Frieda Lawrence (ed. E. W. Tedlock, Jr., Knopf, $7.50) is a considerable improvement over the British version which appeared in 1961. The editor has included some striking new letters, and omitted several trivial old ones, and extended his explanatory notes. This was very necessary, for Frieda is the sort of writer for whom editors were invented. Her style and arrangement are haphazard to such a degree that she must be said to have had really only half a mind, though a powerful half.

Who else could have written, in a manuscript labored over for twenty years, "The love of parents seems a miracle. Before they are born, those brats are a burden and an anxiety, they howl at night and don't let you sleep." So the British edition was a gaily-striped Bavarian workbag, stout with remnants and darning-wool and tangles of cotton it was worth no one's while to untie. One cannot say there are no such tangles in this edition—this is still Frieda—but some order has been imposed.

There are also some fine, unhackneyed photographs. Two of Frieda alone, for instance, show us more of her *beauty* than any we know, perhaps; one with her first baby, where, stiffly posed and warily eyeing the camera, such a wealth of vitality—a vitality indistinguishable from sensitivity—is latent in her eyes and mouth and the modelling of her whole face; the other taken some years after Lawrence's death, and when she was therefore in her fifties, suddenly reveals the Valkyrie to us, with all the face subsidiary to that magnificent, thrusting nose. There are also some very attractive snaps of Lawrence with her, in some of which she appears (almost unidentifiable with the woman in the two just mentioned) charmingly cheerful, serene, handsome, the bourgeois matron.

But the greatest charm of these photographs is that Frieda, unlike most people with a variety of camera-personalities (but like Lawrence himself) had in fact *no* camera-personality; half the time she (and he) are so awkwardly posed as to be just spoiling their looks. The charm is that their self-projection in personal relations (too powerful though that was) is guaranteed also pure, by their humiliating clumsiness when faced with the more public and artificial demands of the camera, the platform, and the cocktail party.

There need be no equivocation about the purely literary value of this volume, or of the novel-memoir Frieda worked on so long. But for the connection with Lawrence, it would be of no significance at all. But because that connection does exist, it is, like so many things in the Composite Biography, extremely interesting from a literary point of view. Not for the light it throws on Lawrence, which is very little, but (rather the reverse) because what Lawrence made of Frieda gives us just what her own prose expression fails to do, and so also gives us some vivid insights into what inexpressiveness and expressiveness are. When she describes a scene or person he has described, we see exactly (with an exactness not so easy to come by) why he convinces us; and I need hardly say that it is not a matter of his having a larger vocabulary; it is a matter of talent and also of intelligence.

FRIEDA *was* intelligent; but it was with half a mind. What was lacking was not seriousness in the ordinary sense. She seems to have loved her first husband, Professor Weekley, *for* his seriousness—a sufficiently different kind from Lawrence's—and to have condemned her parents for lacking seriousness, for being cynical and superficial. What *she* lacked was closer to stability; this lack is what Lawrence called "fluffiness and promiscuity" in his description of the two cats in *Women in Love*. She tells us—and it carries conviction—that she felt all her life a special sympathy for *men;* because men have to take responsibility for the world. She felt a special mission to help them in that responsibility; and there is testimony enough, from men of first-class powers, that she was able to help them—to make them believe in themselves and their work, to make them ready to fight for that. The danger of this theory lies in the rider she seems to have added, that since *men* take on public responsibility, *women* don't.

She says somewhere that she felt as if her life was a holiday, and surely you only feel that if you also feel not only that other people are working while you play, but that in *some* sense you ought to be working too? Didn't Frieda, that is, in some sense *choose* to be irresponsible, inefficient, all-woman? Not that her helplessness in the face of practical difficulties, and in some

MARTIN GREEN is author of A *Mirror for Anglo-Saxons*. His latest book, *Science & The Shabby Curate of Poetry*, will be published in the Spring.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

simple modes of self-protection, could have been contrived. No one would choose in that sense to be so humiliated. But one might choose not to change, finding that to make oneself prudent in those ways cost too much in psychic conflict with one's determined sense of oneself.

No one would "choose" to write, for instance, such sentences as she does. "Paula at the time found herself in the dilemma of Huckleberry Finn when he was in an agony of doubt whether to be a lawful citizen and return the Nigger Jim to his lawful owner or let him be free. She being the nigger, she decided like Finn for the nigger's freedom." But if the carelessness and clumsiness there were not designed, they are surely so loud and unabashed they *must* be either voluntary (in some sense) or semi-moronic. It is with these words that she begins to discuss her running away from her husband and children, and surely the illogic of the analogy and the naivete of the wording add up to a tone we might expect from a high-school delinquent. Now Frieda was no semi-moron; she was, I'm suggesting, a half-mind because she chose to be all-woman, and induced a hysterical paralysis in her sense of responsibility.

Much needs to be said in modification of that diagnosis, of course; for instance, that by transferring her sense of responsibility to men as serious, and as ruthless with her, as Lawrence, she really got more benefit out of it, more discipline from it, than if she had kept it going herself. That is why her half-mind was as powerful as it was. While she was with Lawrence, she claims, she actually wrote parts of the novels; and one can well believe that, under control of that marvelously *whole* mind, she could follow up an intuition steadily enough to be able to report what an experience was, what it felt like to be somewhere, or to be someone.

But it must always have been Lawrence who found the words. The most satisfying writing in the book is in those letters of hers which he (quite roughly and rudely) corrected, crossed out, commented on, contradicted. Working together, they were a marvelous mind. Working separately, would even Lawrence have made the transition from *The Trespassers* to *Sons and Lovers*? Wasn't he too, to some degree, an incomplete mind without Frieda? Seen from this point of view, Lawrence appears in the unfamiliar role of the brain—the clever examination-passer—and one can feel yet another kind of gratitude towards him welling up; gratitude to the

patron saint of all those clever nervous boys daunted by but determined to master the full-bodied amoral freedom of the *ewig weibliche*.

AS FOR Lawrence's work itself, the time seems to have come to see it in the round, as a total achievement, and from some of its odder sideviews and unexpected perspectives. It is no longer necessary, that is, to insist always on the direct confrontation, on everyone's taking that terrific impact directly, on the inadequacy of every sophisticated or academic "placing" of him.

By now, I presume, Lawrence is a classic, and though this brings its own problems of confrontation, and though many people—very understandably—will always find him specially difficult to meet, still the way to deal with these problems is not to insist on the living gospel he preaches. For the majority, whether they like him or not, Lawrence is here. There is no longer any question of expelling him from the literary community, pushing him off to one side. We can walk all round his work, and enjoy all the obliquer aspects, the minor talents, the bizarrer beauties—the hundred ways he lights up other writers—everything which comes with his massive central achievements.

For instance, the first book that comes to hand is the second volume of the Collected Short Stories in the Compass Book Edition, which begins with "The Odour of Chrysanthemums" and ends with "Sun" and "The Woman Who Rode Away." It moves from that poetic cottage realism which Lawrence adapted so successfully from the Russians to the English tradition (an adaptation which is itself of great aesthetic interest) to some of his most ambitious uses of mythic form and international theme. It contains "The Horse-Dealer's Daughter," one of the most satisfying of all his stories; and other insights into a great variety of odd relationships, which add up to an understanding of relationship itself —"The Blind Man," "Monkey Nuts," "Samson and Delilah," "The Primrose Path," and so on.

Passing from one to another of these, one feels, nowadays, something quite unlike what the early readers reported; one feels the variety and ease and skill of all this creativity, and its calm acceptance of so much experience. The early readers, favorable or unfavorable, spoke of the harsh jangling modern note in Lawrence's voice, his monotonous insistence, his furious revulsion from life. They were not wrong, but there is something else there to find—something particularly there for us—and that is the richness, strength, and fullness of his imaginative world.

But what has particularly struck me lately is the way Lawrence's work illuminates that of his contemporaries. "Two Blue Birds," for instance, is a brilliantly successful story in a mode much more Michael Arlen's, or Noel Coward's, than Lawrence's. It gives a sardonic twist to the fairy-tale situation and the fairy-tale values

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suggested by the title. It begins, "There was a woman who loved her husband, but she could not live with him," and throughout they remain "the husband" and "the wife"; while the two blue birds (of happiness) are the wife and the husband's secretary, wearing equally blue dresses and equally in love with him, "fluttering round the feet" of this handsome, hammock-lounging, self-deprecating novelist, until the wife indignantly destroys the charming idyll.

The wife, a "vigorous" and "wolflike" woman, is a genuinely sardonic figure, but the story as a whole is conducted in the most light-weight, chrome-plated, Twenties manner of sophisticated cynicism. Lawrence is very malicious at the expense of his characters, and acknowledges no responsibility to respect their sufferings or their moral struggles. He invites the reader to join him in sheerest giggling destructiveness (the last line of the story is pure spite) with nothing to salve one's conscience but the impudence of the invitation and the gaiety of the proceeding. It is true that the wife acts out of a deeper responsibility—towards the husband's work, which has deteriorated (in Lawrence's stories about artists, the quality of their work always plays an important, but a concealed, part)—but that is not the point of the story. The point is the moral holiday. It is surely bewildering to see that mode, the most unprofitable perhaps of all recent literature (not to say the most un-Lawrentian), made capable of artistic salvation.

In "Tickets Please" it is the fictional use of myth (the Dionysian myth) we see saved. It might seem to be the importance, the vitality, of the realistic content of the story, that preserves it from the blight of mere ingenuity —or worse, sterile artifice—which spoils the genre as a whole (Eudora Welty's "Livvie," for instance). But in fact it is the adjustment of the realistic element of the myth element. The blackness and storminess of the night scenes, the reckless excitement of the bus trips and the Statutes fair, the lawlessness of war-time and the black-out and the girls doing men's work, all this leads one into the world of myth without leading one out of the world of newspaper reality.

Then the conscious efforts the girls make to translate what they are doing into terms of "having fun" and "teaching him a lesson," these lead us back out of the myth world and show us exactly (though with wonderful economy) the relations between the different levels of consciousness. Above all, the myth really illuminates, without overpowering, the subject of the story, really serves the latter's formal purpose, which is to render the reality of Annie and John Thomas' affair. In a word, there are *not* two levels of meaning to this story; there is rather a remarkable stretch and range of suggestion to the one meaning. Not that it is one of Lawrence's great short stories. Approaching it after *those*, it seems too neat, too ingenious, for such praise. But approaching it after other myth stories, it seems wonderfully better than ingenious. It shows us how the traps of that genre can be avoided.

"THE BEST criticism of a work of art is another work of art"; Picasso's remark indicates the kind of interest I have been finding in "Tickets Please" and "Two Bluebirds." "England, My England"—a much larger story in every sense—has a different relation to the work of other writers. Indeed, its imagery of snake and flame and flower and old enclosed garden *is* the ultimate criticism of "Rappacini's Daughter," but it is Edward Thomas rather than Hawthorne one thinks of when reading the story. The figure of Egbert there represents a whole generation of English art and culture, the whole post-Victorian pastoral movement of the English mind, which is as much to be identified with Morris as with the Georgians. Indeed, Lawrence himself is very much a part of it, and the story is also a fine self-criticism.

But in Edward Thomas we have a particular writer —and one of the finest of them all—whose life-story strikingly repeats (except that it preceded and underlay and shaped) Egbert's. Egbert's kind of handsomeness, the kind of woman he married, the kind of happiness and unhappiness he found with her, the kind of success and failure he found in his career, are quite vividly Thomas's. So, of course, most strikingly, is his death. Whether or not Lawrence was thinking of Thomas makes no difference to the value of this parallel; which adds both to the story's specific success (its power of reference) and to its general interest.

To read Helen Thomas's *As It Was* alongside "England, My England" is to rediscover both that movement of the English mind, and the multiform relations of art to reality. Like much of Lawrence's work, it serves the various interests of the literary mind in a multitude of ways. It is much more than the story it first offers itself as. We have surely more to be grateful to Lawrence for than any other writer.

Sarah

If grief existed, heaps of dirty clothes
existed too; she wore grief smooth and thin
and docile as old linen. Worry rose
yeasty but useful, could be kneaded in
to shape a sustenance. She kept her dread
scoured to the bare board fact. Make do, make do,
her gnarled hands cautioned, but those glittering
eyes
she skewered life with—what was it they said?
I knew her old, threatened with deadly new
dangers of rest and peace. Without surprise,
she made good use of joy; when pleasure came
she called it by its spare and proper name.

NANCY PRICE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robert Lowell's Natural Idiom Is That of History

Poet of the Particular

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN

JUST BECAUSE today's poet is so separated from the general reader, his success is less vulnerable and more dangerous. Once launched on the full current of a major success, his maneuvers reach the general public via the voice of the critic and of the yea-sayers who have become the critic's chorus. Inertia is as powerful a force in poetry as in any other form of motion.

People are frightened, and guilty, and hungry for illumination, and if a poet tells them what to think about fright and guilt and the hope of escape from confusion, they are grateful—they are grateful even if it is someone else who tells them that the poet is telling them. This produces a situation ripe for the pseudo-poetry of commentary, kept afloat by its subject matter; the sea is dotted with such craft. Such pseudo-poetry is above all characterized by the sense of smartness; the wail for current woes terminates on a note of self-satisfaction, a fashionable mourning less interested in communicating distress than in demonstrating its own right-thinkingness; poetry ending not with a pang, but a simper.

Side by side with the topical *arrivistes,* there spring up poets whose contribution to the comprehension of their own age is no less real and penetrating for being oblique. Poets such as Theodore Roethke, whose poems about stones and greenhouses and birds relate to everything in human consciousness, do not need to discuss war or hypocrisy in order to illuminate them. Then there are the few poets—the very few—whose natural idiom is that of history, or the individual human event; who do not have to pervert, or even divert, their poetry from its natural functioning, when they write poems set deeply, and overtly, in consideration of a caste, or a city, or an era. Robert Lowell is an outstanding example of this last sort of poet. Often he has had a bad press for silly reasons; often he has had fantastic praise for reasons scarcely less silly. One critic has said that in the presence of his poetry we must be grateful and not inquire; he has been praised for errors and lapses; at the moment, it would appear that he can scarcely do wrong.

It is Lowell himself who has said, "In poetry, tone is everything." He is fortunate in his tone. It fluctuates in strength: infrequently it bogs down; more often, it pitches into a buzz of violence. But its characteristic is a scorching sincerity. Sincerity at this pitch being too painful to be sustained without break, break this occasionally does, into a blatant—and often unsuccessful—showmanship. But its quality, and its power to shake, are irresistible.

FROM LOWELL's emergence, in the days of *Lord Weary's Castle,* to his most recent book *For The Union Dead,* his tone is that of a Jeremiah, reluctantly versed in Freud. The overtones are biblical, the worldly message is of woe. "Flies, flies are in the plane trees, on the streets." He is acutely aware of the ambivalence of the sense of guilt, and of its capacity for resentment.

> Father, forgive me
> my injuries,
> as I forgive
> those I
> have injured.

The theme of "suffering without purgation" has a dozen variations. The Lowell image of wild tearless spiders crying together, carries vibrations straight from Jonathan Edwards, the subject of one of Lowell's best poems, and he ejaculates: "Pity the monsters! Pity the monsters! . . . My heart bleeds black blood for the monsters." The decay of time without moral achievement, haunts Lowell. His poetry's needle swings from ". . . all's possible, all's unpredictable . . ." to the sorrowful *Washington in July:* "The elect, the elected . . . they come here bright as dimes and die disheveled and soft."

Death is a presence never far from any Lowell poem. In *Poems 1938-1949,* twenty-three out of forty-two poems deal, in some degree, specifically with death. Violence, guilt, disloyalty, in history and in the individual, are all set, for proportion, before the face of death. As a presence, as a question, it is all-implicit; into it the simplest images blandly crash. If the poet glances out of his window:

> . . . Three stories down below,
> A choreman tends our coffin's length of soil,
> and seven horizontal tulips blow.

As in "Death From Cancer," and "In Memory of

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN, herself a poet and contributor of critical articles to this and other journals, is co-author with William R. Mueller of *The Testament of Samuel Beckett* (Hill & Wang).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arthur Winslow" many of Lowell's finest poems are poems to the dead. In this poetry—not happily but hauntingly religious in accent—question after question is tacitly put to the unanswering figure.

Given this quality of rooted, perpetual examination, Lowell's approach is through a fusion of compassion and violence. The unaffected violence gives his work much of its nervous system; a high proportion of the poetry functions by violent perceptions and reactions. At no time has Lowell's poetry foreseen less than violence: "There were shod hoofs beneath the horseplay." In prose, he remarks, simply, ". . . one had the feeling that our lives were being lived in the brutal, fashionable expectancy of the stadium." But if the world of mores and associations is based on violence, the violence becomes only more powerful and mysterious in less mundane matters. At Christmas: "Tonight, my child, the foot-loose hallows stalk us down in the blind alleys of our rooms . . ." and, after a death, one line: "Two angels fought with bill-hooks for his soul."

It is important that this violence is never the quasi-bogus, contra-conventional reflex of the more energetic Beat poets. Lowell is not bent on shattering conventions, literary or otherwise; he is too inattentive toward familiar and unimportant objects. He is confronting a chaos in which are formed, with blinding precision, ephemeral patterns, conceivably fractions of a larger and invisible pattern. He crystallizes the pattern, often with full use of his enormous skill, and always with the knowledge of its ephemeral nature, against the dark background he habitually acknowledges. His compassion, curiously the more compelling for seeming itself so painfully and forcibly compelled, is like a hot, involuntary outburst of grief. The sense of a suffering, detailed and relentless, communicates itself in an arc so wide as to be poetically inescapable. The turtles of "The Neo-Classical Urn" are germane to the lobster of Samuel Beckett's "Dante and the Lobster," in a confounding of proportion and scale.

EMERGING from its primary considerations, Lowell's poetry comes full upon two of its major problems—which are, perhaps, ultimately one. He has an affinity for history. From the time when as a child, he coveted the lead-soldier replicas of Kleber, Marshal Ney, Murat and the King of Naples, to "For The Union Dead," he has found his field in history, or in that special sort of literary history afforded by the work of other writers. This approach, which, in the hands of the mildly talented, leads straight to the Occasional Poem and the attempt to graft weak stock on strong, in the hands of a poet of Lowell's ability is like the time proffered by Frost's illuminated clock against the sky—neither wrong nor right. It is merely hazardous. Lowell has used the work of other men, and the stories of flexible history, to a degree unknown in the work of any other outstanding contemporary poet: translations which are not translations but poems "after" the work of another writer; incidents, public and private, embroidered, altered, transubstantiated; very few of his poems escape, or intend to escape, the previous enunciation of someone else.

Oddly enough, this never seems to affect Lowell's originality. What it does affect is the quality of his poetry. Unless the incident, the poem, the man, is taken up purely into the whirlwind of Lowell's creativity, the resulting work is injured. It is as though from the hat into which the conjuror has caused the dove to disappear, fell a feather, a coral claw—a result at once macabre and disappointing. And it is at this point and on encountering these poems that one remembers longingly the aliases of the Japanese artists—those sequential names, fragrant with anonymity. For now and then one feels that Lowell is being pushed into the thing he least desires—a posture. The implacable shove of his success seems to require, more and more, that he be the one to *Say It,—It* being whatever contemporary comment is most required at the moment. He has the power, and he has, often, the magic for transubstantiation. He needs every shred of it. Too often there is the feeling that he has seized, roughly, material which has set off for him the poetic process, and then presented it to his own gaze and that of others as his poem, when it is only the oyster's irritation. He writes some bad poems; worse, he ruins some terribly good ones.

The August issue of *Show* published the text of *Benito Cereno*, one of two verse plays by Lowell currently running in New York under the title "Old Glory." *Benito Cereno* derives—very closely—from Herman Melville's formidable story of masks, and their violation of relationships, which derives, in turn, from *A Narrative of Voyages and Travels in the Northern and Southern Hemispheres: Comprising Three Voyages Round the World; Together with a Voyage of Survey and Discovery, in the Pacific Ocean and Oriental Islands*, by Amasa Delano, Boston, 1817. Melville's story is no less magnificent for his having taken this at least reasonably factual material and turned it to his own somber, ornate and terrifying uses; and in Melville's story, Lowell has found precisely the violent, ambiguous and bizarre stuff to nourish his poetic imagination. What could be more congenial to Lowell's muse than the language and tone of Melville's perception? ". . . The San Dominick had been battledored about by contrary winds, inveigled by currents or grown weedy in calms . . . ," or, "As intense heat and cold, though unlike, produce like sensations, so innocence and guilt, when through casual association with mental pain, stamping any visible impress, use one seal—a hacked one."

The poem—considered here primarily *as* poem—which Lowell has produced from this echo of an echo of an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

adventure, has an ambiance of terror and beauty. It has been made all his own, and he has replaced Melville's stunning artifice of fluctuating tensions, of a world at once sealed, remote, and nightmarishly here and real, by his own sharper and less leisurely sense of doom, and Melville's final laconic irony, by a more limited and direct thrust. But there hovers over the work a sense of obligation, of delivering the goods, of coming through. It is not sufficient to corrupt the poem—only enough to cause a faint nostalgic wonder as to what Lowell might have done with a less demanding target —or with no target at all.

FOR THE UNION DEAD is Lowell's least uneven book. It is strong on the characteristics which give his poetry its true stature, a ferocious humility, immediate vitality, and a pervasive and extraordinary generosity of spirit. It is filled with lines that palpitate with differing sorts of energy:

> The muskrat that took a slice of your thumb still
> huddles,
> a mop of hair and a heartbeat on the porch—
> there's the tin waste-basket where it learned to wait
> for us playing dead, the slats it mashed in terror,
> its spoor of cornflakes, and the packing crate
> it furiously slashed to matchwood to escape.

Lines of re-creation, in a kind of fiery nostalgia:

> Everything's changed for the best—
> how quivering and fierce we were,
> there snowbound together,
> simmering like wasps
> in our tent of books.

Lines of intimacy and tension between the detail and the whole:

> my life's fever is soaking in night sweat—
> one life, one writing! But the downward glide
> and bias of existing wrings us dry—
> always inside me is the child who died,
> always inside me is his will to die—
> one universe, one body . . . in this urn
> the animal night sweats of the spirit burn.

Lowell is uncannily aware of the desert spots in what we think of as our conscious life; of the strange blank cells which Valery reminds himself are not taken into account: ". . . my absences, my deep, long, insensible variations. I forget that I possess in my own life a thousand models of death, of daily nothingnesses, an astonishing quantity of lacunae, of things suspended, of intervals unknowing and unknown." Lowell's humor is largely used to pin down proportion; he has an almost horrified distrust of the morally inaccurate: . . . *the serpent's flawed, euphoric hiss.* In this book there is less of the muddy, of the poetically unresolved, than in *Life Studies,* for example. There is less of the vision so private, left so surrounded by dark, that it dazzles and blinds instead of illuminating. There is less of the sense of using poetry as a personal catharsis.

The skill of the poetry has continued to increase; one of Lowell's functional triumphs is his ability to drive a poetic device to what should be the point of exhaustion, and have it seem the poem's spontaneous pulse. In the lightest lines, a sardonic affability will be under iron discipline. He does sometimes still allow his knowledge that the amazing hint is often the poem's backbone, to dictate—even beyond the discovery that in a given instance it is a mistake: and when this happens, a poem which has taken a wrong direction is allowed to follow it to a conclusion which is striking but self-destructive as well.

It is difficult to write of Lowell's poetry without using injured words: "love," "honor," "salvation." Almost no poem fails to relate to one of these, seen, down the perspectives of history, finally in contemporary terms. Human inability to love frightens him: "When we try to kiss/Our eyes are slits and cringing, and we hiss."

In the book's title poem—its last and best—a circle is closed. As a child, Lowell had watched the circular, silent, valueless world of the fishtank:

> Once my nose crawled like a snail on the glass;
> my hand tingled
> to burst the bubbles
> drifting from the noses of the cowed, compliant fish.

After life, sacrifice, and death, Colonel Shaw and his Negro infantry are a bronze monument, shaken by the gouging, encroaching, grunting, yellow dinosaurs of the steam shovels.

> He is out of bounds now. He rejoices in man's lovely
> peculiar power to choose life and die—
> when he leads his black soldiers to death,
> he cannot bend his back.
>
> On a thousand small town New England greens,
> the old white churches hold their air
> of sparse sincere rebellion; frayed flags
> quilt the graveyards of the Grand Army of the
> Republic.

"THE DITCH is nearer," says Lowell. "Space is nearer." And the immediate view is terribly similar to the fishtank world. The hand that itched to break the fishes' bubbles has not done so. Where is that Colonel Shaw—trapped too? The Aquarium is gone from sight, for we are in it now.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Colonel Shaw
is riding his bubble,
he waits
for the blessed break.

The Aquarium is gone. Everywhere
giant finned cars nose forward like fish;
a savage servility
slides by on grease.

It is so fine a poem that one can only pray that Lowell will not be coerced by its brilliance into imitating it; he is being cast in a role, and it takes the most confident ability to wait, to escape that kind of casting. If Lowell is not yet consistently nearly so good as his most unrestrained admirers assert, he is so truly good that he cannot become a sort of Mr. Twentieth Century, by vote of his critics and peers. He has, certainly, gifts peculiarly suitable to this classification, but they are viable just because their roots go down to ancient and common sources. If he can escape Poetry Business, if he can continue his poetry's wayward development, we are going to be fortunate. Translations, plays, libretti—all are likely enough vehicles for the flexible energy of his poetry. But not necessary ones.

The horrid injunction "Think Big" continues to blink on and off in neon lights over the heads of poets. Lowell's poem, "Hawthorne," ends, ". . . Hawthorne, thinking on the true/and insignificant." What a pure and furious antidote to Think Big; with that taken to heart, no alias would seem necessary as safeguard for a poet's liberty. To think that all those who have succeeded, as they look back on the difficulties of their start in life, are able to exclaim with conviction, "Those were the good days!"

For most of them success has meant a prison, and the artist must never be a prisoner. Prisoner? An artist must never be a prisoner even of himself, a prisoner of style, a prisoner of reputation, a prisoner of good fortune. Did not the Goncourt brothers tell us that Japanese artists of the great period changed their names several times in their lifetimes? This pleases me: they wanted to safeguard their liberties.

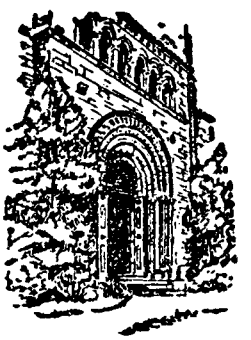
CHESTNUT HILL COLLEGE

Chestnut Hill
Pennsylvania

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph

Accredited Catholic college for women. Liberal arts and Science.

For further information write to the Registrar.



Prospective students should make early application

CORRESPONDENCE

"A Suggestion for Mr. Waugh"

Taunton, England

TO THE EDITORS: I have read with interest Mr. John Cogley's article in your issue of 23rd October entitled "A Suggestion for Mr. Waugh," and am duly grateful to him for his high opinion of my technical skill. I remember him as an amiable young fellow, but that is some years ago. It is a sure sign of advancing age to impute testiness, impatience and bad manners to those who hold opposing opinions. Mr. Cogley should guard against these evidences of senility. I do not wish to repeat here the arguments I have propounded with tedious frequency in recent years. Their conclusions are: first, that "participation" in the Mass does not necessarily involve the congregation in recitation in unison; secondly, the social aspect of the sacrifice consists in the meeting of the individual souls converging on the altar and in the priest's hands. It has nothing to do with a friendly chat at the church doors or with a horizontal sense of community along the pews, desirable as these extraneous manifestations may be.

I do not wish to prolong the wrangle about *Romanitá*, other than to remind him that this was not the product of the Council of Trent. We have a national difference here. My country was an imperial Roman province for much longer than the U.S.A. has been a republic. When the legions left us lamenting we were briefly overrun by heathen savages and the Church almost extinguished. St. Augustine restored *Romanitá* under which we thrived for nearly a thousand years, and even after the apostasy of the monarchy, our culture and institutions remained fundamentally Latin. But the point I should like to expand here is one I have stated elsewhere: that complete verbal understanding of the liturgy by all the people is an impossibility.

If I was to presume, as Mr. Cogley kindly suggests, to produce my own translation, it would be acceptable to a mere handful who anyway don't need it. For example, "thou" and "thee" seem to me perfectly natural words; to many Englishmen and most Americans they seem absurdly antiquated.

The truth is that "vernacular" is an almost meaningless catch-word. Let us forget the babel of tongues, many totally inadequate to the rendering of Graeco-Hebrew-Latin meanings, that perplex the prelates of Asia and Africa. In Europe alone Ireland has two languages, Norway two, Spain three; Italians from Lombardy and Sicily are barely intelligible to one another. France and England have stabilized languages spoken by the educated but full of difficulties for the majorities. Complete verbal communication in my country is found only in families and small social sets who have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grown up together and speak with their own code of nuances and allusions. We have the recent sad example of Ronald Knox, a master of prose, who devoted his last years to translating the Bible into what he hoped would prove to be a "timeless" tongue, equally intelligible to the scholarly and the simple and to the reader a hundred years hence. Few liked his version. Many accused him, most unjustly, of "affectation." They would have preferred a resonant echo of the seventeenth century.

I fear Mr. Cogley is proposing a task which would be impossible for anyone, most especially for me.

EVELYN WAUGH

Reply

TO THE EDITORS: Age plays tricks on all of us. Mr. Waugh and I never met. JOHN COGLEY

Chapel Hill, N.C.

TO THE EDITORS: Until a few weeks ago I felt that I would be perturbed and distracted by hearing parts of the Mass in English. But when I had finished my confession that day, my confessor said, "Listen." Reverently and distinctly he pronounced the words of absolution in English, my native tongue. For more than six decades I had known the peace that comes with being absolved yet I experienced new comfort. And going to the sanctuary rail I prayed that understanding the Mass better, we may be better Christians.

That evening, I read John Cogley's article in which he took Evelyn Waugh to task for wishing to retain Latin for the entire Mass. That a master of the English language, a Catholic, should draw back from the thought of its use at the altar seemed incomprehensible to Mr. Cogley, who would wish Mr. Waugh to translate into his clear and virile English words which he prefers to hear murmured or sung in Church Latin.

I dismissed the suggestion that Mr. Waugh function as a translator, for I surmised that, as Monsignor Ronald Knox's literary executor, he knows more about the trials of a translator than does Mr. Cogley. But I wondered if the gifted American had sufficiently pondered the fact that Mass Latin is as beloved by many British Catholics as is their English language. Years ago, Mr. Waugh who become a Catholic when he was about twenty-seven, was accused by a *Times Literary Supplement* reviewer of his book *Brideshead Revisited* of an asseveration of Catholic doctrine and also of displaying "his feeling for whatever may be thought a corrective for the idea of progress." In the present case, Mr. Cogley suspects that he is afflicted by old age.

Eleven years Mr. Waugh's senior, a born Catholic, and long occupied with an examination of the trials and triumphs of Tudor recusants, I have keen sympathy for the author of the authoritative biography *Edmund Campion, Jesuit and Martyr*. Campion and his companions and followers revivified in Elizabethan Catholics a love of the Church. The descendants of these Elizabethans have treasured the Mass so often celebrated hurriedly in hidden places; the mere fact that the sacred words were spoken in Latin has reminded them that they were not conforming to heretical doctrine, but were true to the Pope.

Almost four centuries have gone by since Lawrence Vaux returned to England after an audience with austere Pope Pius V. He had been delegated to inform Catholics there that it was a mortal sin for them to attend the services of the Established Church. Not to be present on Sundays was against the law of the realm, and many Catholics had been in the habit of hearing Mass secretly and then going to the parish church. The issue was now clear cut: they must choose between the Pope's law and the Queen's.

Did Pius V, the only canonized pope of a number who reigned during Elizabeth's life, make a mistake to thus clarify matters? We can not judge. For many of the few Catholics who had not conformed, he pointed the way to impoverishment, imprisonment and martyrdom. According to William Raleigh Trimble, whose scholarly *The Catholic Laity in Elizabethan England 1558-1603* has been published this year by the Belknap Press of the Harvard University Press, "the Catholics were too few and too powerless either to prevent disestablishment at the beginning of the Queen's reign or to have a voice in the selection of her successor. . . ."

For generations, those who did not exile themselves but who lived on in England and managed to keep their faith were the world's exemplary Catholics. To be English and Catholic presupposed hardihood: it also begot aloofness. . . .

Possibly those who are of the Catholic élite value more than they admit the fact that they are apart, members of a group faithful to the Pope though known to be loyal to the crown, a group which has always prayed publicly in Latin, "the language of the Church." I seem to remember that a learned Catholic taunted some of his fellows for letting themselves be distracted by a celebrant's false quantities. Be that as it may, I suspect that the possibly awkward treatment of the English language at the altar may cause alarm. A's may be too broad or too flat: a few H's may go astray. Have we any writer whose English is comparable to Cranmer's? Is any versions of the Bible in English likely to have the glorious resonance of the King James?

Esthetically, are we Catholics to be contrasted with the Established Church whose members have sung and prayed in English for almost four and a half centuries? Undoubtedly we are. But in America, we older Catholics know that the young priests who will officiate and the young laity who will join in the liturgy are certain that the time has come for the use of their native tongue. Latin is not so easy for them as for the Italians and Spanish, nor has a knowledge of it been required of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them as it has been of the cultivated British and French for centuries. They wish to pray as readily as they think. They know that God understands, but they want God's word in the one language that they truly understand themselves. A young priest, permitted to read his Breviary in English, wrote, "Now we can pray."

Who knows but that years after this Ecumenical Council has ended, Mass English will transcend in beauty the English of Cranmer and Shakespeare and Milton, and that it will help to bring together the children of those so long apart? D. H. MOSELEY

THE STAGE

Nursery Politics

IRIS MURDOCH has taken lately to writing English nursery stories—only not the pleasant kind, like Mary Poppins or the Nesbitt books, but the real low-down. To wit: Tony and Felicity have just formed an alliance to humiliate Percy; Felicity defects to Percy to get even with Tony; Montmorency decides to form a third force with the governess—that kind of thing.

There is no rhyme or reason to the couplings in these stories. They cut across sexual lines (to yield brief Percy-Tony ententes), and have nothing to do with either affection or natural attraction. Their logic is the logic of whim, and their duration is largely determined by their irritation-value, and the stretch-factor in Nanny's patience.

Miss Murdoch's stories are, of course, ostensibly about adults, and the trophies are sexual; but otherwise the rules are exactly the same. The sexes are interchangeable, and anybody can line up with anybody so long as it annoys somebody else; we are led to suppose that the name of the game is now sex, but it is obvious that the word means something different to these people. Even when they sprawl across sofas and beds, it is only to make some exquisitely perverse point about something else.

If "The Severed Head" has a message, it is that the code, and style, of the nursery continues to prevail in certain English circles right through adult-life. A partial rundown of the score-board will give you some idea. Martin's wife Antonia is in love with her psychiatrist; her psychiatrist has something going with his half-sister; Martin is emotionally attracted by both the psychiatrist *and* the half-sister.

(Deep breath.) Martin's mistress has a thing on Martin's brother; Martin's *wife* has a thing on Martin's brother; Martin's brother has a thing on severed heads—all these affairs being as arbitrary and fluctuant as childhood crushes: Miss Murdoch, and her collaborator J. B. Priestley, use them mainly to keep twisting and retwisting the plot, until it comes off in their hands.

In nursery politics, the *deus ex machina* is always Nanny. The Mary Poppins part is played here by the psychiatrist's sister, an omniscient harpy who manipulates the action and ratifies the final alignments. This looks like a trend in Miss Murdoch's work. In her latest novel, *The Italian Girl,* as well as in the "Severed Head," the emasculated hero actually winds up in the arms of the Nanny-figure—an English answer to the Oedipus myth no doubt.

The anglification of Freud is always a good joke, and Miss Murdoch certainly makes the most of it, but I got a squeamish feeling toward the end that this return to the surrogate womb was meant to be a serious and healthy solution, a way to master the nursery . . . however Miss Murdoch is a great tease, and she may have been pulling my leg—not to mention Tony's and Percy's—all along.

. . . Actors: Paul Eddington as the psychiatrist is about the most effective; Heather Chasen gives the wife a nice Joan Greenwood drawl, which is funny for a while. Robin Bailey as the hero, knows how to go down on his knees gracefully, which is the chief requirement of a Murdoch man. *(At the Royale)*

VICTOR BORGE, the Master of the after-thought—and of the after-thought about the after-thought—is back in town. New York, he tells us, is one of his 386 favorite cities—a gag that does much to explain his success. For years now, Mr. Borge has been traipsing the country, working on his timing like a golf-pro and developing a routine that will get giggles out of almost any living audience.

The attrition of modern communications has obliged him to get some new material at last, and this is not always ("China cannot make up its mind whether to be yellow or red") a happy development. Timing and audience-control enable him to get away with almost anything; but, like Jack Benny, he might be advised to keep an eye on the half of the audience that *isn't* giggling. The inscrutable mumbles go on a shade long at times and the nervous titters set up a mild resistance.

The second half of the show defies criticism—if you don't like it, you just don't like Borge. It involves a lot of fooling around on pianos (Mr. Borge has a partner for this, one Leonid Hambro, a first-class straight man) and it is, of course, especially recommended for those who incline to get fidgety at straight concerts. *(At the John Golden)*

AT THIS stage in a spotty season, a play as good as "Luv" leaves one temporarily at a loss for words. Since it looks like being around for a while, I propose postponing discussion of it until I can think of something wrong with it. *(At the Booth)* WILFRID SHEED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SCREEN

Son of Strangelove

IT IS a source of amazement to me that so many war movies are still being made and are still so popular. My mistake was in naively thinking that "The Longest Day" of two years ago was the war movie to end all war movies. They go on and on. According to production schedules there is no end in sight. Most of the current war films take a strong anti-war stand; and some of them have an angle—last year's "The Victors" expounded the thesis that even the winners are losers.

Going still farther, "The Americanization of Emily" pushes the theme preached by its leading character, a lieutenant commander played by James Garner. He insists he's a devout coward and through cowardice the world could be saved—because if everyone ran like a rabbit after the first shot, there'd never be a second. He doesn't say what we'd do about the Hitlers and Mussolinis; this kind of fuzzy thinking pervades the whole film, which is supposedly a comedy.

I didn't read *The Americanization of Emily* by William Bradford Huie on which the film is based, but its dust jacket proclaims: "Here is the story of a wartime romance—in a war waged from hotel suites. The politicking and conniving, the fantastic top-level extravagance laughingly charged off to the 'poor taxpayer back home,' the wholesale love affairs that often began with a carton of cigarettes, a Hershey bar. . . . It's all here in a lusty, hard-hitting vastly entertaining novel." It's all there in the movie too which becomes a tasteless affair with plenty of the Strangelove kind of satire about the futility of war and the erratic and erotic behavior of man.

Most of Martin Ransohoff's production is set in London at the time of the invasion. Garner portrays an admiral's aide among whose duties as a "dog robber" is to keep the brass well fed and well loved by procuring various delicacies. He is quite good at the job and becomes, in the movie cliché, a lovable scoundrel. When Emily, a WAAF car driver portrayed by Julie Andrews in her first non-singing role, refuses to play the game, Garner calls her a prig. But after Emily explains she has lost a husband, brother, and father in this war and has a distinct aversion to these high-living, gift-dispensing Americans, and Garner replies that Europe was a brothel long before the Yanks arrived, you know it will only be a matter of time before he and she are in bed together. It's a very short time—what with D-Day coming on.

Along with this strange "romance," which in itself has enough plot for one movie, there are several other angles that are supposed to be entertaining but seem to be included more to annoy Annapolis than amuse an audience, especially Garner's buddy, the promiscuous officer played by James Coburn, and the admiral (Melvyn Douglas) who is upset that the Navy is making such a poor showing in this war and insists that the first dead man on Omaha Beach must be a sailor. That shocks even Garner, who is further thrown for a loop when the admiral places him in charge of the motion picture crew scheduled to photograph the landing. Although Douglas goes berserk about this time, the Navy brass decide they want the movie made anyway, and the cowardly Garner, anxious to prove his philosophy, winds up in a much different role.

No doubt audiences who like "Strangelove" will go for "The Americanization" too, but I for one find little to recommend it. The script by Paddy Chayefsky strikes home with some good satirical touches, but he fails to follow through with his themes and too often the film becomes more like a lecture against war than a real movie. Much of this is due to Arthur Hiller's static direction. Furthermore some of the jokes are more sick than funny. Even the happy ending romance has a sour note to it. If being Americanized means what the Americans in this film seem to think it means, then Emily's Americanization is indeed sad.

THE ROLE played by Cary Grant in "Father Goose" is somewhat similar to Garner's but not as crass. Grant just wants to wander around the Pacific. He's made his peace with the world and thinks mankind is going to the dogs. Dogs or not, the Japanese prove a menace, and Grant, bribed by Scotch, finally allows Trevor Howard, as an Australian Naval officer, to persuade him to become a coast-watcher on an isolated island from which Grant will report the appearance of any enemy planes and ships.

So far, so good—although by this time "Father Goose" was beginning to sound like many of the movies I saw during World War II and shortly thereafter. As the film progresses, however, it becomes more and more like past successes, particularly "The Pied Piper" and "The Beachcomber." Grant rescues a governess (Leslie Caron) and seven cute little girls from another island; and in no time these eight females, more than the war, upset his calm and his drinking habits. Until, of course, near the finale when everybody loves everybody—and Grant proves he's a hero and not a beach bum running away from war.

Director Ralph Nelson makes some of this tale and its incidental incidents quite amusing. Grant is excellent as the unshaved, Scotch-drinking misanthrope; and his reform, although rather sentimental, is quite convincing. Miss Caron, who looks right in her role, probably sounds right too, but her French-English is sometimes hard to follow. However, their romance is rather sweet and the girls are darling all the time.

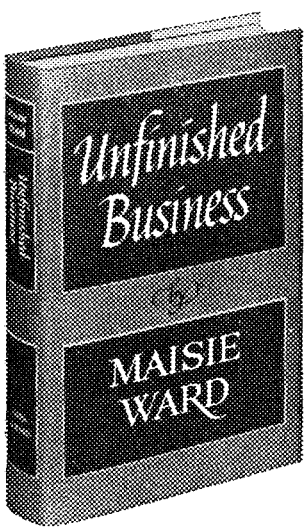
PHILIP T. HARTUNG

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books to give, and receive at Christmas

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

By MAISIE WARD. An autobiography that "every mature reader should know . . . the perceptive record of the evolution that Catholic reform has accomplished from Newman to John XXIII . . . Far more than intellectual church history, is also an intensely personal document."
—SISTER ANNE BURNS, *America.* $5.95



WHAT'S AHEAD FOR THE CHURCHES?

A Report from The Christian Century

Edited by KYLE HASELDEN and MARTIN E. MARTY. "A publishing event . . . Representatives of Roman Catholicism, Judaism, Orthodoxy and 13 groups that can roughly be called Protestant comment on their own Churches."—ROGER L. SHINN, Union Theological Seminary. $4.50

MARY, MOTHER OF THE REDEMPTION

By EDWARD SCHILLEBEECKX. An invaluable new book by the author of *Christ: Sacrament of the Encounter with God.* "A theologian in the spirit of Vatican II."—*Commonweal.* $3.95

CHRISTIAN WISDOM AND CHRISTIAN FORMATION

Theology, Philosophy and the Catholic College Student

Edited by J. BARRY McGANNON, S.J.; BERNARD J. COOKE, S.J.; GEORGE P. KLUBERTANZ, S.J. "A genuinely exciting book about the things that must matter if Catholic education is to count."
—GEORGE N. SHUSTER, *America.* $6.00

GOD'S ENCOUNTER WITH MAN

A Contemporary Approach to Prayer

By MAURICE NEDONCELLE. "It would be hard to imagine a richer book on a more important topic . . . Nédoncelle manages to be as clear as he is profound."—C. J. McNASPY, S.J. $3.95

THE SEARCH FOR GOD

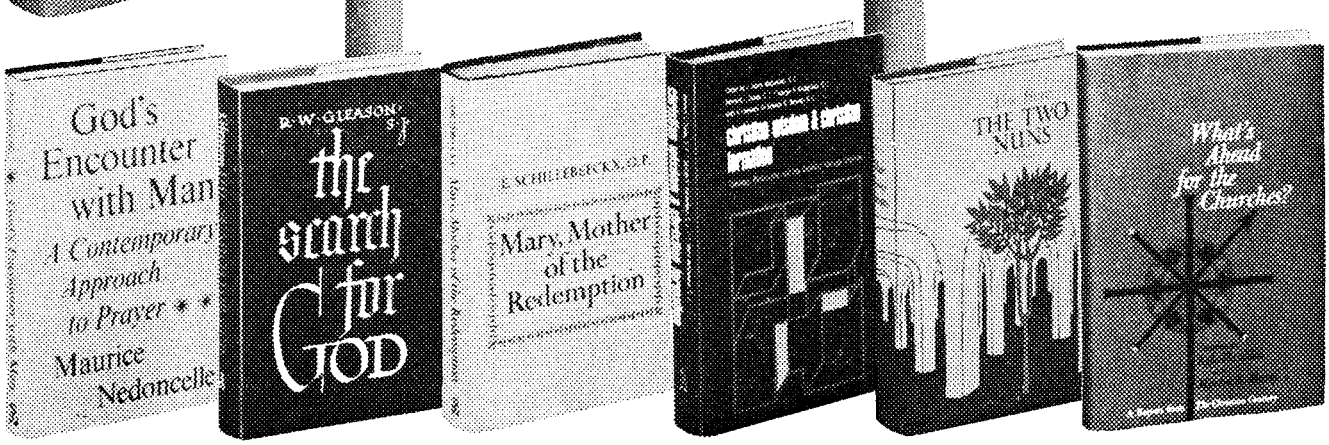
By ROBERT W. GLEASON, S.J. The new book by the author of *Grace* and *The World to Come* "has the historical dimensions and insights essential to the study of man's relationship to God in our day."—WALTER J. ONG, S.J. $5.00

THE TWO NUNS

By ANNE HURE. Now in a third large printing, this much-discussed novel of a conflict between two nuns by a gifted Frenchwoman who spent twelve years in convents is "absorbing . . . It will linger long in the memory."—SISTER M. BERNETTA, *America.* $4.00

At your bookstore

SHEED & WARD
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10003



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Critics' Choices for Christmas

JOHN T. ELSON

The Open Church. By Michael Novak. (Macmillan. $6.50) By the end of Vatican II, the number of books about the council may just about equal the number of bishops who attended it. Perhaps the best conciliar volume so far is Novak's lucid and sophisticated account of the second session, which provides both a well-documented narrative of the debate and an extraordinarily perceptive theological explanation of what the council really means, by one of the nation's most gifted young Catholic laymen.

The Future of Man. By Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. (Harper & Row. $5) Beautifully translated and printed, this is one of the handsomest products of the busy Teilhard industry. The two dozen essays on human progress collected here not only illuminate some of the cloudier pages of Teilhard's earlier works, but also capture superbly the late Jesuit's joy in life, and faith in the convergence of the world upon Christ, the Omega Point.

The Secular Meaning of the Gospel. By Paul Van Buren. (Macmillan. $4.95) In this adventurous blend of linguistic (or logical) analysis and theology a young Episcopalian thinker tries to translate the Christological doctrines of Chalcedon into a form meaningful to the secular, supernatural-hating modern mind. The result—Jesus as the paradigm of the completely free man—is heterodox, to say the least. But Van Buren's book is further proof that theology is still an open science, and that Christian thinkers might have as much luck baptizing the thought of Wittgenstein and Flew as Aquinas had with Aristotle.

Contraception and Holiness. With an introduction by the Most Rev. T. D. Roberts, S.J. (Herder & Herder. $5.50) No matter what Pope Paul and the Vatican Council say about birth control, the Catholic attitude toward the problem can never be the same—thanks in large part to books such as this one. There is no disputing the Catholic loyalties of the 11 laymen and clerics who contributed to this symposium. Their essays add up to a devastating attack on the Church's traditional, natural-law approach to birth control, and lay the groundwork for a personalist theology of Christian marriage free of Jansenism. In sum, one of the rare theological books that deserve the accolade revolutionary.

The Sleepwalkers. By Herman Broch. (Grosset & Dunlap. $2.45) Let us now praise famous publishers, who have had the taste and courage to issue a paperback version of this masterful trilogy by one of the century's forgotten great novelists. Broch, a Viennese Jew who died in exile in the U.S., was a solemn and difficult writer, but his epic account of the spiritual disintegration of Germany between 1880 and 1920, first published in 1931, can stand comparison with the work of Joyce, Proust and Mann—or, perhaps more tellingly, with the films of Antonioni.

FRANK GETLEIN

An Ilustrated History of Furnishing, From the Renaissance to the Twentieth Century. By Mario Praz. (Braziller. $20.95) Sumptuously illustrated following of the course of European interiors and their objects from the late Middle Ages to Art Nouveau, with a long essay and extended individual commentaries composed with love and learning. There are a few masters, such as Hogarth and Vermeer, but most of the pictures were commissioned by the owners; no photos, all paintings or prints of the time. Adds immeasurably to the more usual familiarity with the same course in literature or art, to which the interior compositions give now echoes, now contrasts.

The Valley of Bones. By Anthony Powell. (Little, Brown. $4.50) The successful continuation of the Music of Time series, the more remarkable for the abrupt transfer of Nicholas Jenkins, the observing sensitivity, into the totally foreign world of the army without missing a beat of observation, response and relation to the past.

The Art and Thought of Michaelangelo. By Charles de Tolnay. (Pantheon. $7.95) Brilliant compression and extraction of the essence from the entire body of writing, painting, sculpture and architecture by the leading scholar. Politics, "philosophy," religion, art. Adequately illustrated but having the Phaidon edition handy helps.

Are Parochial Schools the Answer? By Mary Perkins Ryan. (Holt, Rinehart, Winston. $4) Valuable as a restrained, modest, intelligent, polite, civilized opening of an important question too long closed; invaluable as the occasion for an hilarious rising of the hill tribes in their finest hour since the bombing of the Paris Theatre in the old days.

The New Churches of Europe. By G. E. Kidder Smith. (Holt, Rinehart, Winston. $17.50) Sixty of the best, from Sweden to Italy, Spain to England, though almost a third from Germany, whatever that means. Kidder Smith is possibly the best architectural photographer of our time and proves it in sequence after sequence of pictures going right to the heart of the building. Plans and elevations and admirably concise descriptive-critical texts for each.

NAT HENTOFF

Drive, He Said. By Jeremy Larner. (Delacorte Press. $1.55) A first novel by a writer who is multiply hip—to the ease with which we let ourselves be managed, to the radical search for relevancy by some of the young among us, and to the art of making fiction more truthful than most "fact" writing.

Nigger. By Dick Gregory. (Dutton. $4.95) The autobiography of a hu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

morist who is much more cauterizingly and instructively witty off the stand (as in this book) than he is when professionally performing. The book, moreover, tells vividly, trenchantly and provocatively just what it's like to try to get out of the black ghetto—and then to try to get others out.

Blues People. By LeRoi Jones. (Morrow. $5) The first book of importance which attempts to analyze the history of Negro music in America—particularly jazz—in the context of the psychological, sociological and economic changes in Negro communities as the music evolved. There are debatable interpretations in the book, but as a whole, it has to be considered indispensable for anyone interested in the sources of the Negro American style in music.

Compulsory Mis-Education. By Paul Goodman. (Horizon. $3.95) A relentlessly clear view of the accelerating lack of viability in the way we educate our young. The analysis is more useful than some of the solutions, and it is an analysis in greater depth than anyone else has yet made.

My People Is the Enemy. By William Stringfellow. (Holt, Rinehart, Winston. $3.95) A lawyer and a radical Christian who lived in East Harlem, tells exactly what life there is like and makes very specific our common culpabilities.

PAUL HORGAN

For the Union Dead. By Robert Lowell. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $3.95) Mr. Lowell's extraordinary art makes yet another advance in this book of new poems. Familiar, even universal, experience comes into expression so personal as to be startling and original;—formal poetic architecture is wholly revitalized by Mr. Lowell.

Corridors of Power. By C. P. Snow. (Scribners. $5.95) The richest, most fluently given episode in the Lewis Eliot saga, this is a novel of prophetic insight into high British politics. The author's wit is no small instrument in his virtuoso equipment.

Journal. By Julian Green. (Harcourt, Brace and World. $6.50) An intimate journal covering several decades, this is a chronicle important for its record of French literary life in the last forty years, and significant for its extended reflections on the author's spiritual trials and discoveries.

Change of Weather. By Winfield Townley Scott. (Doubleday. $2.95) Mr. Scott's first book of verse since his *Collected Poems* (1962). The subjects of these new poems are set forth in the author's delightful gift for pinning images of truth with acutely retained feeling.

The Wreck of the Thresher. By William Meredith. (Knopf. $4.00) The title poem is a noble threnody, gravely personal in feeling, with no hint of sentimentality. The rest of the poems are highly original and accomplished.

At War as Children. By Kit Reed. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.50) A rare thing—a novel whose tone is perfectly sustained throughout. An elegy for the generation that was growing up during World War II, this is a moving story told through beautifully realized characters.

THOMAS MERTON

The Story of a Life. By Konstantin Paustovsky. Translated from the Russian by Joseph Barnes. (Pantheon Books. $10) This is the first volume of a contemporary Russian autobiography, that of the novelist Paustovsky, one of the only Soviet writers that did not abandon Pasternak in his hour of struggle and disgrace. Some magnificent writing evokes Russian life before the revolution. The book is divided into small autonomous sections that can be read almost as individual short stories. Of these, the opening section ("The Death of my Father") and a fabulous adventure, the "Inn on the Braginka," are unforgettable. The book is an act of faith in the spirit in creativity, in freedom and in all that finds no real place for itself in the stupidity of a rigidly organized and officially materialistic way of life.

The Technological Society. By Jacques Ellul. (Knopf. $10.95) One of the most important books of this mid-century, this study in sociology is required reading for anyone who wants to seriously evaluate the relation of the Church with the contemporary world. Modern technology has produced a world in which means determine ends and become ends in themselves. The world of technique "destroys, eliminates or subordinates the natural world and does not allow this world to restore itself or even to enter into a symbiotic relationship with it." To assume that our massive technology is fully under the rational control of human intelligence orienting it toward a flowering and fullfilment of man is not only naive but perilous. Ellul does not say that it *cannot* be brought under such control. But he thinks the situation is desperate and that we have not yet begun to do anything serious about it. A frank, hard-hitting and doubtless controversial statement of our most crucial problem.

Non-violence: A Christian Interpretation. By William Robert Miller. (Association Press. ($6.95) Non-violence is too easily dismissed as a fanatical gesture of perfectionism or desperation. This book undertakes a sober, well documented consideration of non-violence as a practical form of social action, a "middle dimension" with serious chances of success. There exists a long tradition of unarmed and efficacious protest against social injustice implemented by violence. This non-destructive protest has proved itself at times capable of defeating a ruthless and overwhelmingly well-organized system of force. The chief positive characterstic of non-violence is that it always leaves the door open for rational negotiation, and indeed its chief aim is a reasonable and humane settlement, in which the best and highest interests of both sides are protected. The Christian tradition offers "fully adequate resources for non-violence" and we are reminded that Gandhi considered Christ the most illustrious example of the non-violent resister, or *Satyagrahi.* A stimulating, clear and important book, written from a Protestant viewpoint, it fills an urgent need. The systematic use of force and contempt of non-violence perpetuated by the mass-media has been to some extent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

responsible for the increase of violence in race-relations this last year.

For the Union Dead. By Robert Lowell. (Farrar, Straus and Giroux. $3.95) Lowell continues to be the most stimulating contemporary American poet, articulate, deeply involved in painful ironies. Pain, perplexity and the refusal of resignation make him still a "metaphysical" poet of great depth. From these ironies and this protest come six or ten very fine poems, along with others less intense, less firmly wrought, to make Lowell's new book. One might mention two of the more perfect: "Hawthorn" and "Beyond the Alps." These are full and well-tempered utterances of the characteristic Lowell, resonant, well-hammered, and charged with disturbing undertones.

Word and Revelation. By Hans Urs Von Balthasar. (Herder and Herder. $3.95) Father Hans Von Balthasar is a Swiss theologian now at the height of his power who fills, in our time, somewhat the same role that Scheeben played in the last century: that of providing theology with fully contemplative, Biblical and Patristic dimensions in contrast to the more polemical and technical concerns of other writers. These essays selected from a larger German volume, *Verbum Caro,* seek God's word in the dynamism of history. Brilliant insights on the "living and efficacious" intervention of the Word in the world show that "God has made the Son the source of meaning of the world."

J. F. POWERS

Vive Moi! By Sean O'Faolain. (Atlantic-Little, Brown. $6.75) Mr. O'Faolain has the lyrical gift, but as a drawer of character he may underestimate his powers. In this book, when he gets going on people—his parents, teachers, himself as he was —he is unbeatable. The same is true of his stories.

The Land of Youth. By Richard Power. (Dial Press. $4.95) Ireland, body and soul, rendered by a young writer too good or perhaps too wise to cheat. A strong, readable novel that will seem strange to many of us, but Ireland *is* a strange country.

A Little Learning. By Evelyn Waugh. (Little, Brown. $5) More light on Captain Grimes and another fine book from an author long overdue for a Nobel Prize if a large body of work of the highest merit counts for anything.

KENNETH L. WOODWARD

Martin Luther: A Biographical Study. By John M. Todd. (The Newman Press. $5.75) Todd would have us recognize Luther as "an ordinary honest man," and his special virtue as a biographer in his ability to make Luther's reaction to 16th century Roman Catholicism bristle with conscience and controversy. "It was the summit of an era which had subordinated moral theology to Canon Law," he observes with an extraordinary grasp of the relevant milieu, "and had schematized the whole divine economy in mechanical and anthropocentric terms." On the other hand, Todd argues that Luther sought "a biblical and existential restatement of traditional theology." Enlivened by the author's own knowledgeable asides on the nature of authority, justification, etc., this is by far the best biography of the great reformer yet produced by a Roman Catholic.

Varieties of Unbelief. By Martin E. Marty. (Holt, Rinehart, Winston. $5) "To be a believer means to be in history," Dr. Marty argues, and "to be in history means to be called to faith out of one or another kind of unbelief." A germinal rather than a definitive study, Marty's book examines nine major "clusters" of unbelief as they appear in wholly secular, mixed religious-secular and integrally religious settings. All are modern and therefore original, in Marty's view, and may eventually prevail in the way that hardy Christian culturalists have expected their own norms to prevail. A sober, scholarly enquiry into religion and culture with no thought of comforting anyone.

Contraception and Holiness. Introduced by Archbishop Thomas D. Roberts, S.J. (Herder and Herder. $5.50) *What Modern Catholics Think About Birth Control.* Edited by William Birmingham. (New American Library. $.75) *The Experience of Marriage: The Testimony of Catholic Laymen.* Edited by Michael Novak. (Macmillan. $3.95) "Thus far I have not been persuaded by any of the natural law arguments against contraception," admits Archbishop Roberts, and neither apparently have the eleven contributors to his collection of essays nor fourteen of the fifteen essayists in Birmingham's volume. But the Church's traditional position on birth control is more than a tidy conclusion to a narrow syllogism; as both books demonstrate, a whole set of facile and faulty assumptions regarding sexuality, natural law, marriage, women and celibacy—plus considerable confusion regarding the magisterium of the church—are involved too. Roberts' book includes pieces by Father Gregory Baum, O.S.A., Julian Pleasants, Rosemary Ruether, Leslie Dewart and Justus George Lawler. Birmingham has James Finn, John J. Kane and Frederick E. Flynn, among others, plus two fine essays of his own and five substantial contributions by women. *The Experience of Marriage* is a clutch of highly personal essays by thirteen anonymous Catholic couples written in response to editor Michael Novak's invitation to describe "the daily concrete realities of sexual life and marriage." And they do, too, with a fascinating kind of un-Cana-like candor about the inadequacy of rhythm which proves, among other things, that there is more to be sought in marriage than the cultivation of grace under pressure.

CRITICS

John T. Elson is Religion Editor at *Time* Magazine.

Frank Getlein is art critic for *The New Republic.*

Nat Hentoff is the author of *The New Equality* (Viking).

Paul Horgan is the author of *Things As They Are* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

Thomas Merton's latest book, *Seeds of Destruction,* will be published in January.

J. F. Powers' book *Morte D'Urban* was the winner of the 1962 National Book Award.

Kenneth L. Woodward is Religion Editor at *Newsweek* Magazine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Re-examining the Church's Teaching on Contraception

Contraception and Holiness. Introduced by Thomas D. Roberts, S.J. Herder and Herder. $5.50.

by Charles E. Curran

THIS COLLECTION of eleven essays by priests and laymen, theologians, philosophers and scientists, argues for a change in the present teaching of the Church on contraception. In his introduction, Archbishop Roberts sets the tone for the book: the Church claims that her teaching on contraception is a matter of the natural law, but in fact the natural law arguments are not convincing.

All eleven contributors focus on the same points. Marital sexuality does not exist merely for procreation. Sexual union is part and parcel of the love union of husband and wife. The fostering of love, sexually and every other way, promotes the end of human procreation and especially the education of the children. Marriage always entails a generous service of life, but not every single marital act can or even does fulfil the ideal of procreation. The authors frequently characterize the present teaching as "too essentialist" in its philosophical basis, "ahistorical," and too clerical in its concept of marital sexuality and asceticism. Many of the essayists are quick to add that a change in the teaching will not result in an easier morality, for the demands of marital love are present in every sphere of the marital relationship.

Julian Pleasants shows that human sexuality, like many biological activities, is multi-functional. To inhibit or frustrate one function for the good of another, according to Pleasants' biological perspective, is neither unnatural nor artificial. Elizabeth A. Daugherty lists the various times when the present teaching in the Church allows a non-reproductive use of sex. Her essay proposes the unique character of human sexuality. Human sexuality permits the bearing of a comparatively small number of offspring who require a more prolonged training and education. But marriage also calls for a continual use of sexuality to enhance the love union of the partners and the education of the children.

"Responsible Parenthood and the Population Dilemma," William V. D'Antonio maintains that contraception can be a truly personal response to the demands of love and responsible parenthood. (The title of his essay misleads the reader into expecting a consideration of the social and demographic aspects of the question.)

The first part of Prof. Leslie Dewart's presentation lucidly exposes some historical insights about the understanding of sexuality. However, Dewart's essay, by far the longest in the collection, becomes tedious in evolving the otherwise well-conceived idea that a change in the present teaching of the Church would constitute a true development of "dogma."

Rosemary Ruether's "Birth Control and Sexuality" gives a married woman's view of sexuality as it strives to reach the ideal regarding both procreation and love. Like many a controversialist scarred from the battle, Mrs. Ruether occasionally strays into other fields and oversteps her competence (e.g., the biology and physiology of human reproduction).

E. R. Baltazar attacks the philosophical framework of the present teaching of the Church on contraception. He rightly stresses the place of evolution and progress in moral judgments, but his rejection of Thomism seems to be too extreme and total. Justus George Lawler demonstrates that the Church's position on contraception is a question of natural law and not revelation. With characteristic frankness he argues for a reconsideration of our understanding of natural law, but he does not make the positive contribution to a better understanding of the natural law which the title of his essay ("On Discovering Natural Law") would promise.

The more theological essays, particularly those of Stanley E. Kutz, C.S.B. and Gregory Baum, O.S.A., as well as the consideration of Kieran Conley, O.S.B., furnish acute insights into the renewal of moral theology. Unfortunately, they remain insights and do not coalesce into a more complete understanding of man's relationship with God. Conley particularly emphasizes the personal "I-thou" relationship as the fundamental moral principle. As an explanation and background for his brief remarks on marriage and contraception, Kutz makes some penetrating observations on conscience and the basic structure of Christian existence. Sin is not an isolated, individual act; mortal sin engages the total person in the core of his existence. A Christian whose conscience is formed through a free acceptance of God's personal love might see the need of contraception in order to grow in his love for the other spouse and for God.

Nowhere does the book mention an editor. This omission is most obvious and painful. The subject matter of the individual essays is not clearly defined. Constant repetition and overlapping detracts from the force of the arguments. In addition, certain aspects of the problem (e.g., sociological, historical) do not receive due consideration. Lack of organization apparently reflects the price that was paid in order to publish the present volume as quickly as possible.

Another defect, common to all controversial writing, is overstatement and lack of balance. Seldom if ever is mention made of the need to express marital love in all the relationships between husband and wife. Some authors dismiss the rhythm method as ineffective and undesirable; but pastoral experience does indicate that rhythm has helped some couples even to grow in their love. It is true that theologians have practically ignored the living witness of the Spirit in the lives of married Christians, but there are many other ways in which the Spirit of truth does communicate to man. I agree

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there are defects in the present teaching of the Church, but surely it is not completely wrong.

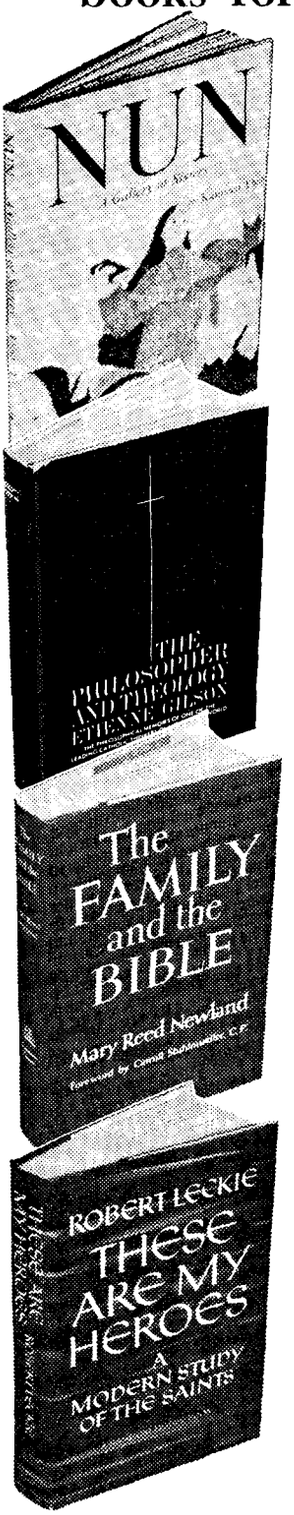
Occasional overstatement, however, is even more understandable than usual in the present discussion. The living witness of married Christians and the contributions of scientists have been ignored and even suppressed for too long. Much of the blame for such a condition must fall on the shoulders of clerics and theologians. Nevertheless, the present discussion does call for balanced dialogue, and not for controversy or polemics. Perhaps I am manifesting too much of the insecure and authority-orientated clerical mind, but some of the essays immediately put the theologian and the cleric on the defensive. Proponents of contraception, who rightly claim that the Church's teaching on contraception is "ahistorical," must take into consideration the training, backgrounds, and attitudes of theologians and clerics. A frontal attack is not the best way to change the clerical mind.

The last essay in the volume, Gregory Baum's "Can the Church Change Her Position?", is a masterpiece from the point of view of dialogue and persuasiveness. Baum applies the principle of progress and continuity which Bishop de Smedt used so effectively in Vatican II to propose the change and development of the Church's teaching on religious liberty. The present position of the Church reflects the long established principle of the *bonum prolis* and a generosity in the service of life. Only in the last few years has the Church become more conscious of the personal-love value of sexuality and the principle of responsible parenthood. Fr. Baum concludes that, in the changed condition of our present-day world, the newly discovered values of sexuality and responsible parenthood demand a modification in the teaching on contraception. Spouses must always be generous in the service of life, but there is nothing artificial or unnatural in inhibiting the procreational aspect of an individual marital act.

In addition, Fr. Baum writes a few excellent pages on Christian morality. The ideal of Christ as proposed in the Scripture and effectively com-

RANDOM HOUSE

books for a season of faith



Nun

A GALLERY OF SISTERS

By KATHLEEN ELGIN. Foreword by Sister Maria del Rey, Maryknoll Sisters. In this beautiful volume, the life of the nun is captured in all its significance and variety. Here is a composite portrait drawn from the stories of nearly 40 sisters and their orders – with more than 100 sketches by the author. A superb gift. 8" x 11". Imprimatur. $4.95

The Philosopher and Theology

By ETIENNE GILSON. The mental and spiritual autobiography of one of the greatest living Catholic thinkers, who recalls his early religious training, his career at the University of Paris, and his contacts with such giants of philosophy as Bergson, Lévy-Bruhl, and Durkheim. $5.00

The Family and the Bible

By MARY REED NEWLAND. This charming book – thoroughly approved by Catholic scholars – is the first Bible guide geared to family reading. Mrs. Newland draws upon modern Biblical research and the experiences of her own family for ways to make the Scriptures interesting and meaningful to young people. $5.95

These Are My Heroes

A MODERN STUDY OF THE SAINTS

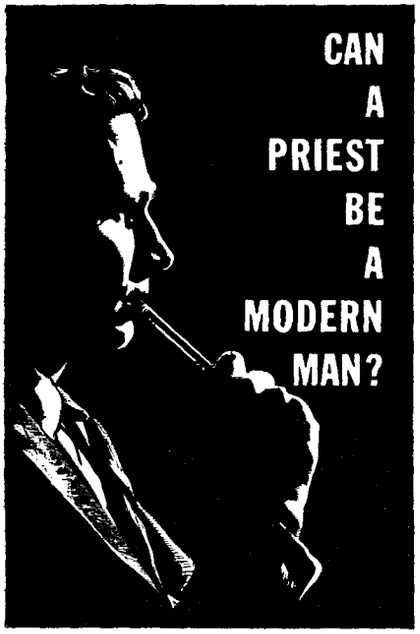
By ROBERT LECKIE. The famed battle historian of the U.S. Marines – author of *Helmet For My Pillow* and *Strong Men Armed*–now writes vividly and inspiringly about his favorite heroes: the saints of God. "Priests, teachers, parents will find this book lovely reading and valuable in their work." – MSGR. GEORGE A. KELLY, *Director, Family Life Bureau, Archdiocese of New York.* $3.95

Now at your bookstore

RANDOM HOUSE

457 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



● The Paulist Father is a **modern man** in every sense of the word. He is a man of this age, cognizant of the needs of modern men. He is free from stifling formalism, is a pioneer in using contemporary ways to achieve the conversion of 100 million non-Catholic Americans. He is a missionary to his own people — the American people. He utilizes modern techniques to fulfill his mission, is encouraged to call upon his own innate talents to help further his dedicated goal.

● If the vital spark of serving God through man has been ignited in you, why not pursue an investigation of your life as a priest? The Paulist Fathers have developed an aptitude test for the modern man interested in devoting his life to God. This can be a vital instrument to help you make the most important decision of your life. Write for it today.

NATIONAL VOCATIONS DIRECTOR
PAULIST FATHERS Dept. 2
415 WEST 59th STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10019

municated in the liturgy is the norm of Christian morality. In communion with the Word of God, we realize our imperfections and self-love. Christians thus feel the need for a continual growth and conversion. The risen Christ in the liturgy offers us the knowledge that we are sinners and, at the same time, it gives us the gift of forgiveness and of new life.

Changing the teaching on contraception won't create an easier morality. Married couples will always feel the need to grow in their spirituality and their sexual love. The asceticism of sexual love, like any other aspect of the Christian life, constantly requires the dying to self and the rising in the newness of life.

Despite its shortcomings (owing to hasty preparation and an occasionally controversial overtone) *Contraception and Holiness* is a courageous and cogent affirmation of the need for a change in the present teaching of the Church on contraception. No one—priest, theologian, or layman—can honestly dismiss the book as the ravings of the "lunatic fringe." In our times, the whole Church realizes the need to listen to the voice of the Spirit. Vatican II is currently trying to renew the Church, but there could be no renewal if it had not been for the prophets of the liturgical, biblical, and ecumenical movements during the past century. The lot of the prophet is not easy. The dangers of pseudo-prophetism and a Savonarola complex are ever present. But these essays could speak with the prophetic voice of the Spirit. All must at least listen. For my part, I would add my own "Amen."

Change Is Always for the Worse

The Brigadier and the Golf Widow. By John Cheever. Harper. $4.95.

by David Segal

WHEN I WAS a boy I read a story that terrified me. It was about a child who declared that he needed the help of no living creature. That night the sheep came and took from him everything woolen, the tree came and took everything wooden, and so on until he was naked and cold under the sky. I remembered this fairy tale while reading *The Brigadier and the Golf Widow,* a collection of the short stories John Cheever has written over the last ten years. My children's story contains both Cheever's most successful technique and his obsessive theme. The technique is the use of magic progressing logically; the theme is the chanciness of possessions.

If Louis Auchincloss writes the best fiction about the rich these days, Cheever writes the best fiction about people living like the rich. Auchincloss' characters are at home with what they own, and are free to worry about moral questions; Cheever's live in constant terror that the paraphernalia of their lives will suddenly vanish. And they are right. "Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold," and the swimming pool goes down the drain.

Cheever's people tend to live in Connecticut. They are investment bankers, and the acquaintances they don't much like, but keep meeting at cocktail parties, manufacture tongue depressers. They are filled with unearned snobberies which are used as a bulwark against change, because in Cheever's world change is always for the worse. In "The Swimmer," Donald Westerhazy, at a pool-side party, realizes that he could swim home, by way of all the pools between the party and his house. As he goes from pool to pool his greeting from friends becomes less friendly, until it is downright hostile, and when he reaches his home he finds that no one has lived in it for a long, long time.

There are two notable things about this story, besides the tale itself, that make it memorable. The reader hardly notices that the seasons change from mid-Summer to Winter; the hero's reception from pool to pool charts his decline from bad manners to bad morals. Because of Cheever's technical mastery the ending is both unbelievable and prepared for; the logic within the magic makes it inevitable.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The implication is that Donald Westerhazy loses the world because of some flaw in himself; Larry Acteon (see "Bulfinch") is destroyed by a series of tiny erosions. His story is in another typical Cheever mode: the comfortable man living the comfortable life, whose comforts are suddenly removed after his sense of reality and sense of self are given a series of small but damaging blows. He is a partner in a conservative investment firm who enters the office of his senior partner without knocking. He finds the man nakedly entertaining a naked lady. Later that day, in a bar, he is barked at by a dog who never barks at strangers; still later he is mistaken for a deliveryman by an elevator operator. When he arrives home that night he is killed by his own dogs, who fail to recognize him.

Since Cheever's characters find their reality in their status and possessions, and since these are tightly held in a slippery grip, his people have a weak hold on their own reality. "I have this terrible feeling that I'm a character in a television situation comedy, I mean I'm nice looking, I'm well dressed, I have humorous and attractive children, but I have this terrible feeling . . . that I can be turned off by anybody" says a Cheever wife. And then the narrator says about her, "My wife is often sad because her sadness is not a sad sadness, sorry because her sorrow is not a crushing sorrow," which applies to all of Cheever's characters, and is true and damning about Cheever's work.

I have described these stories by their structure, these characters by their types, because his characters run to types and brilliant structure is his mainstay. Cheever is working with an attitude toward life, acutely observed and full of variation. But his people not only think they can be turned off, they can be. They are not fleshed out, their sadness is not a sad sadness. His stories belong where they are usually found, in a thin column in the New Yorker; they comment on the advertisements on either side for solid gold taxi whistles and for the sports jacket that will really make you feel casual. One finishes a book of them delighted by Cheever's suave style, dazzled by the necromancy of his invention, and aware that he is touching on the horror beneath the surface. But it is horror recollected in detachment.

The Enigma of Germany

The Nemesis of Power: The German Army in Politics, 1918-1945. By John W. Wheeler-Bennett. St. Martin's Press. $15.
The Burden of Guilt: A Short History of Germany, 1914-1945. By Hannah Vogt. Oxford. $6.

by Nicholas R. Clifford

ONE OF THE penalties of conquest in this century has been the enforced opening of the defeated nations' archives to the research historian; one of the privileges of victory is that the conqueror can limit access to his own records, and thus exercise some control over what direction historical writing into his own affairs will take. As a result, most of the thorough studies of pre-war and wartime affairs which appeared in the early years after 1945 dealt with the conquered countries, and with Germany in particular. Wheeler-Bennett's book was one of these; it first came out in 1953, and has now been republished with an up-to-date bibliography and notes, but with the text and the author's judgments substantially unchanged.

It is a superb book, of meticulous scholarship, highly detailed, on a subject which is by now familiar, but which remains as fascinating and disturbing as ever. Here in the German Army is an organization which saw itself as transcending any particular form of state, yet which found itself the guardian of the infant republic over whose birth it presided in the last hours of the First World War. From the first the author makes evident the republic's fatal dependence upon the army for its stability, in a Germany threatened from the right and from the left by revolution and civil war.

Nor was the situation much better

SETTLING YOUR GIFT LIST

(A HOW-TO COLUMN)

THE best gift books, we all admit, are those we'd like someone to give *us*. So—begin by giving **Varieties of Mystic Experience: *An Anthology and Interpretation*** by ELMER O'BRIEN, S.J. ($7.50) to all those seriously concerned with the development of their spiritual life. This book provides the best set of texts of the major figures of Christian mysticism to be gathered in one volume, and Father O'Brien's commentaries are models of lucidity and theological balance. . . . For anyone who wants an exciting, informative, and reliable history of the Papacy, choose FRIEDRICH GONTARD'S **The Chair of Peter** ($10.95 before Christmas; $12.50 after). . . . For those who dream of building—or at least worshiping in—beautiful churches, get **The New Churches of Europe** by G. E. KIDDER SMITH ($17.50). . . . For those who want to understand more about "the mind of the Catholic layman," pick **Catholicism: *Religion of Tomorrow?*** by HENRI FESQUET ($4.95).

ALL those who have been talking about it without reading it should be given MARY PERKINS RYAN'S **Are Parochial Schools the Answer?** ($4.00). . . . Those rethinking the meaning of the priesthood in the modern world will appreciate **Priest and Worker: *The Autobiography of Henri Perrin*** ($4.95). . . . For anybody wondering why the Council has been laboring to prepare a statement on the Jews, we recommend **The Teaching of Contempt: *Christian Roots of Anti-Semitism*** by JULES ISAAC ($4.00). . . . For the student of Church-State problems, the perfect gift is **Protestant Concepts of Church and State** by THOMAS G. SANDERS ($7.50). . . . Even if there's not much room left in the stocking, stuff in **A Pope Laughs: *Stories of John XXIII,*** collected by KURT KLINGER and illustrated with 16 pages of photographs ($3.95). Authentic, warm, and gently humorous.

All at your bookstore, or from

Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.
383 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Christian allegories

by C. S. Lewis

TILL WE HAVE FACES

A book with the stature of a religious classic, the intensity and eloquence of a powerful novel, the provocative quality of a psychological drama. This is the last novel of Lewis, based on the myth of Cupid and Psyche and skillfully woven into a highly imaginative and absorbing story.

paper, $1.95

PILGRIM'S REGRESS

"The allegorical characters are not just abstractions. They are, in every instance, people objectively real, and subjectively true to the inner meaning. The language, throughout, is plain, straightforward, and leanly significant. To many it will seem like a fresh wind blowing across arid wastes."—New York Times

paper, $1.45

About Lewis Himself . . .

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD OF C. S. LEWIS—Clyde S. Kilby

"An invaluable guide to Lewis' writings." —ALEC VIDLER. ". . . will provide the groundwork for any future study of the theology and fiction of C. S. Lewis."—New York Times.

cloth, $4.50

At your bookseller's

WM. B. EERDMANS PUBLISHING CO.

Grand Rapids, Michigan

"FOOD WONDERS OF THE WORLD" is delighting students, teachers, hostesses, the whole family, by its lighthearted approach to thorough documentation, its charm and lovely colors, lavish illustrations and abundant information. Jointly created by The Kellogg Co. and the U.S. Committee for UNICEF, all profits go to the United Nations Children's Fund, and will help boys and girls in more than 100 countries where many receive in two days the nutrient equivalent of one American school lunch. Orders, accompanied by 50c per copy, should be sent to FWOW, Box 773, Detroit, Mich. 48232.

in the twenties; the Weimar constitution failed to confirm civil control over the generals, and in a period of splinter parties, weak coalitions, and pressures from those disparate elements who were united only in their desire to destroy the new regime—Nazis, Communists, monarchists, and separatists—the army remained the one sure source of power.

The republic was forced to acknowledge this, and connived at the half-secret, half-public reconstruction of a military and industrial machine; and its first chancellor, Friedrich Ebert, had already unwittingly laid the foundation of a destructive legend when he welcomed the troops home, a month after the Armistice: "I salute you, unvanquished on the field of battle." From this grew the myth that defeat was not the result of military collapse, but of the treachery of the Socialist and Catholic Center politicians, who had deposed their Kaiser, and made an unworthy peace, stabbing a victorious army in the back. It was a myth comforting to the military, and useful to all the anti-republican forces of the right, who found in it a weapon with which to undermine the shaky bases of the Weimar government.

What emerges perhaps as most amazing from Wheeler-Bennett's narrative of the men who led the army, is their combination of political blindness with practical ability, their aloofness from the ideologies of the day with their devotion to an outdated and tarnished ideal. They saw their service as an independent power, transcending the republic, and wanted to use Hitler for their own purposes; they became in fact the devoted servants of Hitler's state, and ultimately nothing more than another branch of his party.

Capable of cooperation without qualms with the Soviet Union, and largely uninfected by Nazi doctrines, they sought only to serve their army; but in return for Hitler's rewards and punishments, they took an oath to him in person, and fought his wars as he wanted them fought, as long as they could keep their hands clean by leaving most of the dirty work to the para-military groups like the SS and the Gestapo.

There are few heroes, if any, in this book: Claus von Stauffenberg, perhaps, the *Bamberger Reiter*, Catholic nobleman, visionary, and left-wing democrat, who led the plot of July 1944; Ludwig von Beck, perhaps, one of the first centers of an active resistance before the war. But most of those who resisted—and after 1939 this book is primarily their story—did so mainly because they feared defeat, and their numbers grew impressively only after von Paulus' surrender in the town once known as Stalingrad.

The author's most controversial point remains his suggestion that "a victory for the German opposition in 1938 or 1944 might not have been an unmixed blessing for the Germans and for Europe." He reminds us that we would still have been faced by a strong Germany under leaders who apparently retained much of the expansionist outlook; would this have been preferable to what we have now?

Put in these terms, the answer might well be No, and we must agree that the policy of unconditional surrender, insofar as it involved the total destruction of German military power, was the right one. But is this the only alternative? In the last few years we have been given reason to hope that a society can perhaps evolve for the better, and isn't it possible that after a successful coup, Germany, under men like Beck and Goerdeler, might have developed into a stable and non-aggressive power? Would it not at least have been better to try this, than to pay the immense costs of the Second World War?

There is a certain fatalism in the author's view of the period which seems to suggest that the problem of Germany, Nazi or non-Nazi, could only be solved by military defeat; but to agree to this, we would have to know much more of the army as a force in society, rather than simply as a force in politics. Perhaps the real danger would have been a Germany which did not go to war in 1939, yet remained Nazi, morally repulsive, a constant threat to peace, and yet, as long as Hitler lived, incapable of evolution into anything better. How long, and on what grounds, could

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stop Worrying!
Read Basset . . .

Give his books for Christmas.

THE NOONDAY DEVIL:
Spiritual Support in Middle Age
"another literary picnic" — *Rita Anton.* Just out. $3.95

WE NEUROTICS:
A Handbook for the Half-Mad
"disarming, delightful and different" —*Library Journal.* $3.75

PRIEST IN THE PIAZZA:
Goal Line Tribute to a Council
"loaded with laughter, prayers and tears"—*The Sign.* $3.50

BEST OF BOTH WORLDS
A Guide to Holiness in the Suburbs
"Happy reading"—*Ave Maria.* $3.75

ACADEMY GUILD PRESS
2430 E. McKinley
Fresno 2, Calif.

New From Rodale

QUINTO LINGO

The Learn-A-Language Magazine

Now you can learn, or maintain your skill in French, Spanish, German, Italian or Portuguese a new way. *Quinto Lingo*, Rodale's new magazine, presents the same fascinating articles, anecdotes, stories and jokes in all five foreign languages, plus English, in 6 side-by-side columns. Read something *Quinto Lingo* each day and watch your skill in a foreign language grow. You learn the reading way, not the grammar-rule way. Subscribe today!

Rodale Press, publisher of *Quinto Lingo*, is one of the leading producers of reference texts, magazines and books, such as the widely-hailed *Word Finder, Synonym Finder* and *Phrase Finder* series for over 25 years.

Quinto Lingo Rodale Press, Inc.
Dept CO-1, Emmaus, Pa.

Please enter my subscription for *Quinto Lingo*, the new Rodale language magazine.

——**1 year (12 issues) at $5.00**

Name .....

Address .....

City..... **State**.....

....**Remittance enclosed** ....**Bill me**

coexistence with such a regime have been possible?

It is too bad that the author was unable to bring up to date his concluding section, which offers some considerations on the renascent German army of 1953. Germany's relationship to her immediate past remains an issue of crucial importance, and it is with this problem that Miss Vogt deals. Her book says little which is new to anyone familiar with the period. It comes as no surprise to Americans to learn that Britain did not force Germany into war in 1914; that the army was not stabbed in the back by the civilians of 1918 or the plotters of 1944; that Hitler was primarily responsible for war in 1939; that Hitler was not a great strategist; or, for that matter, that it was not only Hitler's stupidity which led to defeat in 1945.

What is interesting is the compulsion which Miss Vogt feels to demolish these and other myths, for this is a book written primarily for use in German schools, to make plain what happened in these years, and to ensure that the blame is not put on a few scapegoats who are conveniently dead. Miss Vogt does not mince words in her descriptions of the Final Solution; there are photographs of Auschwitz, Belsen, and the Warsaw Ghetto, and a stark table on p. 233 sets forth in precise figures the destruction of the Jews of occupied Europe. The resistance movements are treated at length, and Miss Vogt does not use them to fight the cold war; Communists, as well as democrats and conservatives, are given their place, and in this book designed for students there is a brief but touching portrait of Hans and Sophie Scholl, the leaders of the "White Rose" opposition at the University of Munich.

The book throughout is simple—too simple at times—unemotional, clearly written, and well illustrated. Yet its German title, *Schuld oder Verhängnis?* (Guilt or Destiny?) suggests the question which neither it nor Wheeler-Bennett's answers: how can such things take place in a modern civilized country? To speak of the social effects of defeat and depression, the power of the industrialists and militarists, the weak-

alba house

Meeting Christ In The Sacraments
Colman O'Neill, O.P. **$4.95**

Casebook In Psychopathology
Frank Kobler **$9.75**

Liturgical Sermons
Gerard Weber & James Killgallon **$1.75**

Teaching Doctrine And Liturgy:
The Montessori Approach
Preface by Ade Bethune
$2.95

The Layman In The Church
E. H. Schillabeeckx, O.P.
$2.95

The Choice Of A Wife
The Choice Of A Husband
Pierre Dufoyer **$2.50 each**

ALBA HOUSE
a division of St. Paul Publications
STATEN ISLAND, N. Y. 10314

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO PRIEST TO SAY MASS!

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is seldom, or never said in many parts of the world, including the United States. Many of God's people are deprived of their obligation to worship Him because there are not enough priests.

Help fill the need, become a

Pallottine Priest or Brother *Pioneers of Modern Catholic Action*

East: 309 N. Paca St., Baltimore, Md. 21201
Mid-West: 5810 Cottage Grove Rd., Madison, Wisc. 53716
West: 2305 Main St., Lubbock, Texas

Dear Director of Vocations: I am interested in the Pallottines. I want to be a
☐ Priest ☐ Brother

Name _____ Age _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone No. _____ Grade _____
☐ High School Graduate ☐ College Graduate (V4)

Book Stores

ST. PAUL, MINN.

THE E. M. LOHMANN CO.

413-417 Sibley St. St. Paul 1, Minn.
Phone CApital 2-6801

ST. LOUIS, MO.

B. HERDER BOOK CO.
TWO STORES
314 NORTH JEFFERSON
1007 OLIVE STREET
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Aquinas Library & Book Shop, Inc.
A Non-Profit Corporation
138 N. Michigan St., South Bend, Ind.
Mail orders welcomed
All the new and standard books—
Religious Articles—Prayer Books & Missals

PITTSBURGH, PA.

KIRNER's Catholic Book Store
309 Market Street
Pittsburgh 22, Pennsylvania
Phone: CO 1-2326 and 1-2327

ness of politics, the long history of anti-Semitism, and the effectiveness of Nazi propaganda, simply will not provide the answer, any more than will the almost racist condemnation of all things German by certain other writers. Miss Vogt and Sir John tell us what happened, and it is a simple and a staggering story; but no one has explained why it happened.

An All-or-Nothing Idealist

Occasions and Protests. By John Dos Passos. Regnery. $4.95.

by Harvey J. Bresler

JOHN DOS PASSOS, whose novels of the nineteen-twenties and thirties have been widely acclaimed as masterpieces of proletarian propaganda, has a new book of non-fiction that probably will receive few critical accolades. This collection of essays, interviews and biographical vignettes, most of them previously published, is totally without distinction.

Much of the subject matter is dated: a frenetic day spent with Mayor LaGuardia; a visit to England under the *previous* Labor government; an appraisal of Adlai Stevenson, written during his 1956 run for the Presidency; a tribute to a favorite Harvard Professor of some fifty years ago.

The editing of this book is uneven; one essay, listed as having been published in 1950, refers to a series of lectures which the author delivered in 1954. As for the writing, except for occasional flashes of the old creative spark, most of it is uninspired and one-dimensional. Some critics believe that the caliber of Dos Passos' writing has gone steadily down since the halcyon days of *Manhattan Transfer* and *U.S.A.*. They could be right.

What about Dos Passos' expressed social views and political beliefs? Certainly they have moved full tilt from the radical left to the far right. Today he is a frequent contributor to *National Review;* not long ago a *Saturday Evening Post* editorial approvingly coupled his name with that of Senator Goldwater and the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Dos Passos can safely be classified as a doctrinaire conservative. However, at times, his conservatism tends to be somewhat chaotic. Thus he has an almost compulsive hatred for Soviet Communism because its doctrine of centralized control negates self-government, yet he apparently favors stricter government control of labor unions. (In a footnote to an essay on labor racketeering he refers to the passage of the Landrum-Griffin Act which Mr. Dos Passos says "has proved a palliative, a feeble palliative.")

He still much admires Thomas Jefferson, his favorite apostle of self-government, yet Dos Passos seems disinclined to involve himself personally in that struggle, something Jefferson was not above doing. Finally, his own brand of conservatism leads him into what appears to be a common *non sequitur* of the politically unsophisticated: he argues that the New Deal (and presumably the New Frontier and the Great Society) is evil because it must lead to British-style socialism and that English socialism is evil because it must lead to Russian Communism (which is evil, period).

That the ardent proletarian writer of an earlier era should have substantially changed his political orientation from left to right is not unique—many others have done the same. Nor is it necessarily reprehensible. Always an idealist, Dos Passos, like many of his idealist confreres, was drawn to a sympathetic support of Communism in the twenties and thirties. When he discovered that there was little idealism in Communism (and for that matter, precious little honesty), he was forthright enough to recant immediately. The worst that can be said about it is that he had been youthfully naive and gullible.

What perhaps is significant about Dos Passos' work today is not the shift in his politics from left to right but rather that his writing has lost so much of the verve that was a benchmark of his early effort. Where

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR OPPORTUNITY
WITH THE
Augustinians

AS
TEACHER
PARISH PRIEST
MISSIONARY

●

write to:
DIRECTOR OF VOCATIONS
AUGUSTINIAN FATHERS
address nearest your home { Box 404 D Villanova, Pa. / 6310 S. Claremont Ave., Chi., Ill. / 3266 Nutmeg St., San Diego, Calif.

Educational

NEW JERSEY

Delbarton School

Morristown, New Jersey. An hour's drive from the George Washington Bridge or Holland Tunnel. A country day and boarding school for boys conducted by Benedictine Monks. Six forms, comprising the 7th and 8th grades and four years of college preparatory courses. Small classes. Thorough guidance department. Complete athletic program. Write for prospectus to the Headmaster.

Give
The Commonweal
for Christmas

One subscription, $8.00 a year
Each additional subscription (or each additional year), $6.50

Foreign postage, $2 a year extra.

Your own new or renewal may be included at these rates.

See order form on inside front cover.

once he thundered about the injustice to Sacco and Vanzetti, he now is merely crotchety about union racketeering. Where he used to write out of a sense of personal involvement, today he seems emotionally aloof. Someone has said that where Dos Passos used to sound like an aroused social critic, today he has come to sound more and more like a disappointed lover.

The riddle of Dos Passos' seeming loss of creative vitality is an intriguing one. He always has been an all-or-nothing idealist, moved only by great causes. One of these was Wilson's promise to keep us out of World War I. That foundered but it was followed by the attempt of the League of Nations to preserve the Peace. When that proved illusory, there arose a new cause, one in which any all-out idealist could, metaphorically speaking, really sink his teeth—Communism. Again came shattering disillusion (and for good reason).

This time around, however, there emerged no great, all-consuming cause to fight for. So . . . back to the ivory tower, the petulant strictures about society's foibles, the tepid pleas for a return to the days of the town-meeting and grass-roots industrial democracy.

Has there really been no cause worthy of Dos Passos' passionate advocacy? Those programs which seek to deepen our collective responsibility to less fortunate fellow-men of different color, ethnic composition, etc., might be such a cause. Perhaps it will be a clarion call from the other end of the political spectrum. When a cause arises with which Dos Passos can deeply empathize, perhaps we shall see the rebirth of his once formidable talent.

REVIEWERS

Father Charles E. Curran teaches moral theology at St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N.Y.

David Segal, a frequent contributor to these pages, is an editor in a New York pubishing house.

Nicholas R. Clifford teaches history at Princeton University. He specializes in modern European studies.

Harvey J. Bresler is an assistant professor at C. W. Post College, N.Y.

A gift to last all year long

Journal of Ecumenical Studies

Volume One (1964) was packed with 580 pages of articles and editorials by such men as McAfee Brown, Kung, Cullmann, Outler, Tavard, Barth, Lindbeck and Littell.

"Despite the urgent necessity for dialogue, the English-speaking world for years lacked a genuine ecumenical journal. Now we have one, jointly edited by Protestants and Catholics, and it is excellent. *The Journal of Ecumenical Studies* is essential for anyone seriously concerned with Christian unity."

—DANIEL CALLAHAN
The Commonweal

JES is published in three issues of 175 pages each. Subscriptions: $6.00 U.S. and Canada; $6.50 elsewhere; $2.50 single copy; $10.00 SUSTAINING SUBSCRIPTION.

other suggestions

God's World in the Making, Peter Schoonenberg. $3.95
"This study breathes the spirit of Teilhard de Chardin."
—*The Christian Century*

Faith and the World, Albert Dondeyne. $5.00
"Enlightened, compassionate views on most of the social and political questions of the day."
—*The Ecumenical Review*

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY PRESS
PITTSBURGH, PENNA. 15219

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A comprehensive list of new and important books from THE NEWMAN PRESS— An ideal Christmas Gift Shopper

FEAST FOR A WEEK

Solange Hertz. Insight-packed spiritual reflections for the busy housewife on her unique task. *$3.75*

THE ANCIENT POPES

E. G. Weltin. Biographies of the early popes in the context of a growing Christian culture. *$4.50*

AUGUSTINE THE EDUCATOR

Eugene Kevane. A contemporary study of the fundamentals of Christian formation which stresses Augustine's relevance to the idea of a Catholic school system. *$5.95*

I CHOOSE ALL

Teresa Margaret, D.C. A new and sympathetic study of the spirituality of St. Therese of Lisieux. *$4.75*

LORD, YOUR SERVANT LISTENS

Marcel Hertsens. A unique book of meditations on the words of Scripture. *$3.95*

LETTERS FROM PAUL CLAUDEL, MY GODFATHER

Agnes du Sarment. Glimpses into the character of the notable Catholic poet-statesman and the story of a remarkable vocation. *$3.75*

THE REFORMATION

Joseph Lortz. The basic attitudes of the historical Reformation and their relevance for today's Catholic world. *$4.25*

BLUEPRINT FOR WORSHIP

Lancelot Sheppard. An intelligent summary of the meaning and carrying through of the new liturgy. *$2.95*

BROKEN LIGHTS

Ida Gorres. Brilliant insights into contemporary religion, literature, and the mission of the Church. *$5.95*

MARTIN LUTHER

John Todd. A much needed Catholic reestimation of Luther's life and his religious concerns. Illustrated. *$5.75*

THE PRIEST AND WOMANHOOD

Ottilie Mosshamer. Knowledgeable and constructive insights into the need for a mutual understanding between priests and women. *$5.75*

THERE'S TWO OF YOU

James Kavanaugh. Stories for teenagers relating to their very real personal and social problems. *$3.75*

MOTHER FOR A NEW WORLD

Herbert Leies, S.M. The colorful story of Our Lady of Guadalupe. *$5.95*

THROUGH OTHER EYES

Dan Herr and Joel Wells. An historical record of foreign visitors' impressions of American Catholicism from 1777 to the present. *$4.95*

FEDERAL AID TO PRIVATE SCHOOLS

Leo Ward, C.S.C. Government aid to parochial schools and the needs of American education. *$3.95*

A HEART TO KNOW THEE

E. J. Cuskelly, M.S.C. A practical summa of the spiritual life combining rich theology with readableness. *$5.50*

THE BREEZES OF THE SPIRIT

Stanley Luff. The psalms and the practical side of Christian living. *$2.95*

MARY IN THE GOSPEL

Jean Galot, S.J. A new study of the gospel references to the Mother of Christ. *$4.50*

NATURE, GRACE, AND RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT

Barry McLaughlin, S.J. Adult personality development and its concrete relation to Christian maturity. *$3.95*

CHRISTIAN LIFE DAY BY DAY

Cardinal Suenens. Talks to the family on the meaning of Christian life. *$3.50*

LOVE AND CONTROL

Cardinal Suenens. Sex, self-mastery in the service of love. *pa. $.95*

THE NUN IN THE WORLD

Cardinal Suenens. The contemporary non-contemplative sister and her work today. *pa. $1.95 cl. $3.50*

THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE

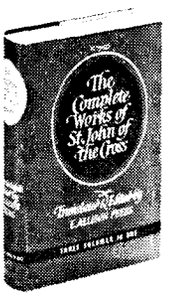
Cardinal Suenens. A modern call to speak the Word of Christ. *pa. $1.75*

THAT MAN IS YOU

Louis Evely. The remarkable best-seller which plainly tells the message of Christ to modern man in the modern idiom. ". . . Some of the strongest Christianity around these days."—*Sign* *$4.50*

RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD

John Hardon, S.J. The history, theology, and practice of the major living religions of the East and West. ". . . An intelligent and sympathetic appreciation of the beliefs of others."—*Commonweal* *$7.50*



THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS

Tr. by E. Allison Peers. Three volumes in one—the complete writings of the incomparable theologian of the spiritual life. Thoroughly indexed. *$10.00*

A CALENDAR OF SAINTS

Vincent Cronin. Reproductions of frescos, wood carvings, paintings, and photographs—a beautiful picture plus a short note on each saint's character—for each day in the year. *$10.50*

Wherever good books are sold

The Newman Press

Westminster, Maryland

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED